CELEBRATING THAT GO-GO ENTREPRENEURIAL SPIRIT THAT MAKES THIS COUNTRY GREAT!
#19
PETER BAG'S
HATE!
$3.95 IN CANADA
$2.95
RECOMMENDED FOR PEOPLE WITH AT LEAST HALF A BRAIN
HEY, HOW MUCH ARE YOU ASKING FOR THIS—
—HELLO?
B&J's COLLECTOR'S EMPORIUM
·RECORDS· ·BOOKS·
EST. 1995
·MAGAZINES· ·TOYS·
THE BEACH BOYS SMILEY SMILE
PARTRIDGE FAMILY
YES, WE'RE OPEN
HIT MEN
MOTT the HOOPLE
SLADE
GO-GO-RAMA
LOST
PUBLISHED BY FANTAGRAPHICS BOOKS INC.
FRI 17th
SAT 18th
P.BAGGE '95

Today's date as I write this is May 9th, 1995, though the soonest that any of you will be *reading* this is late June, possibly later. The reason for the lag time is the extra production and printing involved in putting out a full-color comic book. No big deal, of course, except that I like to be very up-to-date with these editorial/plug/letters columns, so's that the information I'm sharing with you is more useful and timely. One of the downsides to this is that some primo comic titles may come and go from your local comic shop before you're able to catch wind of them from me. However, if this is the case, I would urge you to write to my publisher, Fantagraphics, or call *toll free* (1-800-657-1100) and ask for one of their *free, absolutely fantastic catalogs.* You would be *amazed* at what you can order through there — not only from their own line, but from folks like Drawn and Quarterly and Kitchen Sink as well. So get a hold of one now and let's have no more whining about not being able to find the "good stuff"!

And oh! What a glorious fanboy day it was the day I stepped into Seattle's Fallout Records & Comics and saw not one but *two* socks-knocker-offers, namely *Black Hole* #1 by Charles Burns ($3.50, Kitchen Sink) and *Purty Plotte*, or *Dirty Plotte* #9, by Julie Doucet ($2.95, D&Q). What we have here, basically, are two eagerly anticipated releases by two first-rate comic artists who somehow managed to outdo even themselves with these latest efforts. *Who could ask for anything more?* The back cover of *DP* #9 is by a French comic artist named Stéphane Blanquet, whose work is new to me, though it's quite accomplished and impressive. His work also appears in a (mostly) French language anthology that I recently stumbled over entitled *Chacal Puant* (and it's issue #8, so it's obviously been around for a while), which along with yet *another* French comic collection called *Kêkrapules*, is jam-packed with visually stunning illustrations, both by long-time favorites of mine like Ms. Doucet, Henriette Valium, R. Trembles, Placid and Muzo, and by a talent crop of younger artists (Blanquet, Lafleur), *plus* a sprinkling of American ink studs, such as Brad Johnson, Danny Hellman and Mike Diana. Lord knows how you go about ordering these books with U.S. dollars — but I urge you to write to them and find out: (*Chacal Puant*: 6, Rue G. Colson, 78700 Conflans, FRANCE. Canadian address for *Kêkrapules* is: Mille Putois, 564 Maple, St. Lambert, Quebec, CANADA, J4P-257)... And speaking of comics from France, how 'bout those Crumbs with their latest offering, *Self-Loathing Comics* ($2.95, Fantagraphics). Yes, I know, this title has been out for a while and many of you probably already have it. But I feel I must mention all things Crumb-related, especially since I still get letters from know-nothing whippersnappers asking me who this "Crombe" guy is, and "Isn't his stuff just for deadheads?"... Other new titles worth mentioning are *Optic Nerve* #1 ($2.95, D&Q), Adrian Tomine's first release on the Drawn & Quarterly imprint, and *The Biologic Show* ($2.75, Fantagraphics), a creepy yet promising new title by draftsman extraordinaire Al Columbia. Here come the Young Turks — guess my days are numbered! Other recent goodies from Fantagraphics would include *Zero Zero* (issue #1 & #2 both $3.95), a new anthology with an impressive line-up of contributors, and *Underworld* ($8.95), a collection of Kaz's morbidly hilarious weekly comic strips. Can you possibly think of anything better to blow your welfare check on?... This issue's self-published "Hot Pick" has to be *Air Guitar* #1 ($3.00, Doom Juice Press, 30-27 41st St., Apt. 3R, Astoria, NY, 11103), a collection of peculiar yet stylishly attractive comics by N.Y. cartoonist Mike Gorman. This, as they say, is the stuff.

...As far as comic-*related* publications, I'd like to call your attention (for those of you who haven't seen it already) to *Crash*, a very professional looking magazine devoted to alternative comics. Edited by Steve Solomos of Toronto's "Beguiling" comic shop, it takes its subject matter very seriously and doesn't hold back in its criticism (though it isn't quite as "mean" as I had been led to believe before I read it for myself). Issues #1 and #2 are still available for $5.00 U.S. each. Write to: 601 Markham St., Toronto, Ont. M6G-2L7, CANADA... One last item worth noting is the unexpected and unexplained arrival of a 100-page Australian publication entitled *Eddie*, #10. I have no idea what the first nine issues of *Eddie* were all about, but *this* issue is entirely devoted to the subject of *sleazy, illicit sex*, with plenty of comic art featured throughout. It's all very interesting, to say the least. (Send $6.00 to: Box 199, Newtown, NSW, 2042, AUSTRALIA).

Hello and thanks to Steve of Quimby's, Kurt and Eric of Chicago Comics (both are *great* stores), Chris Ware and Marnie-and-her-snackin'-ways for their hospitality during my Chicago "vacation." Also keep your eyeballs peeled for Terry LaBan's newly revived *Cud* series, due this fall from Dark Horse. Goofball LaBan's been copying from Archie comics lately, and the end results look *fantastic!* (I'm serious!) Adios!

—PB

(Letters to *Hate* on inside back cover)

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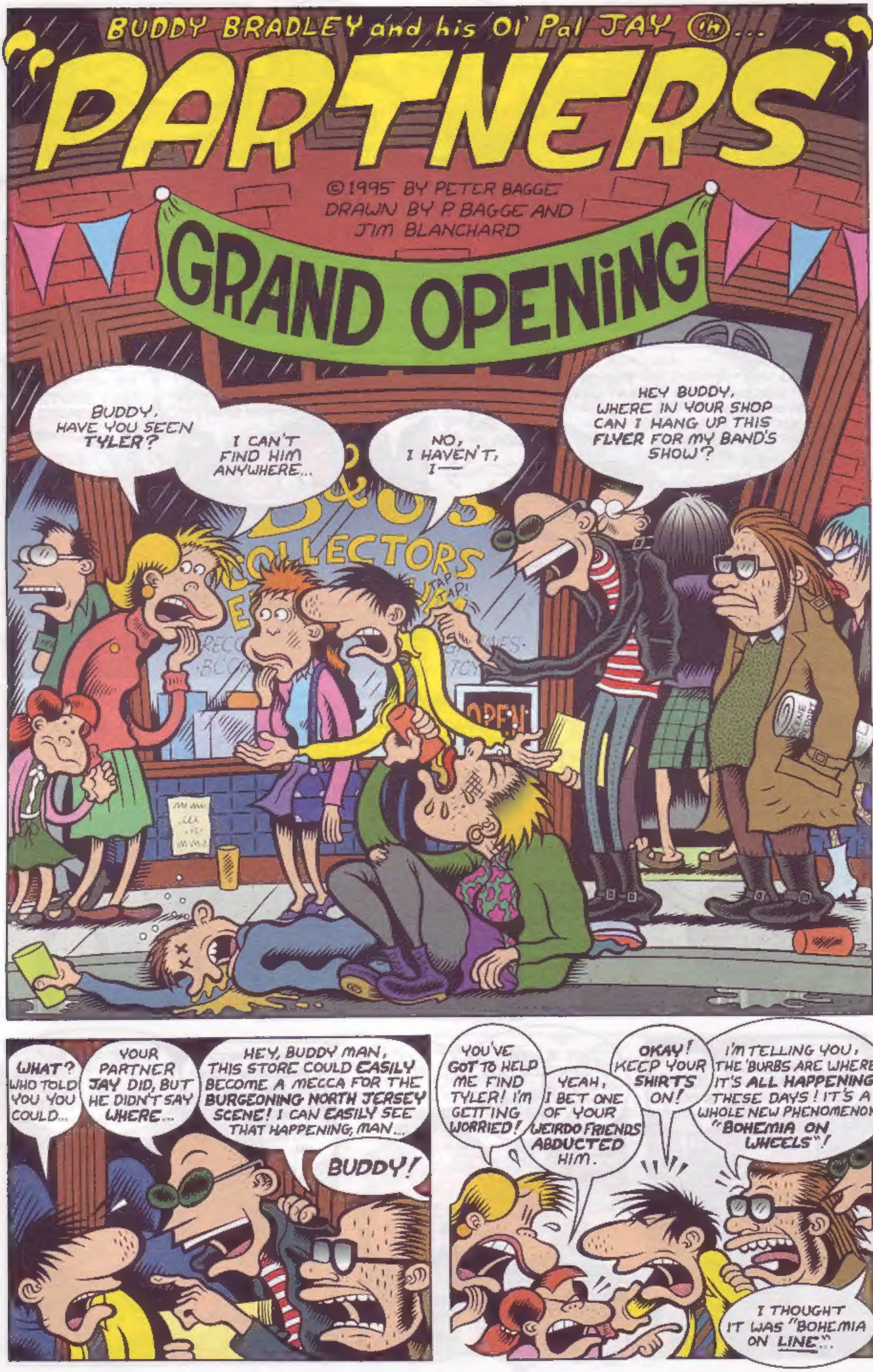
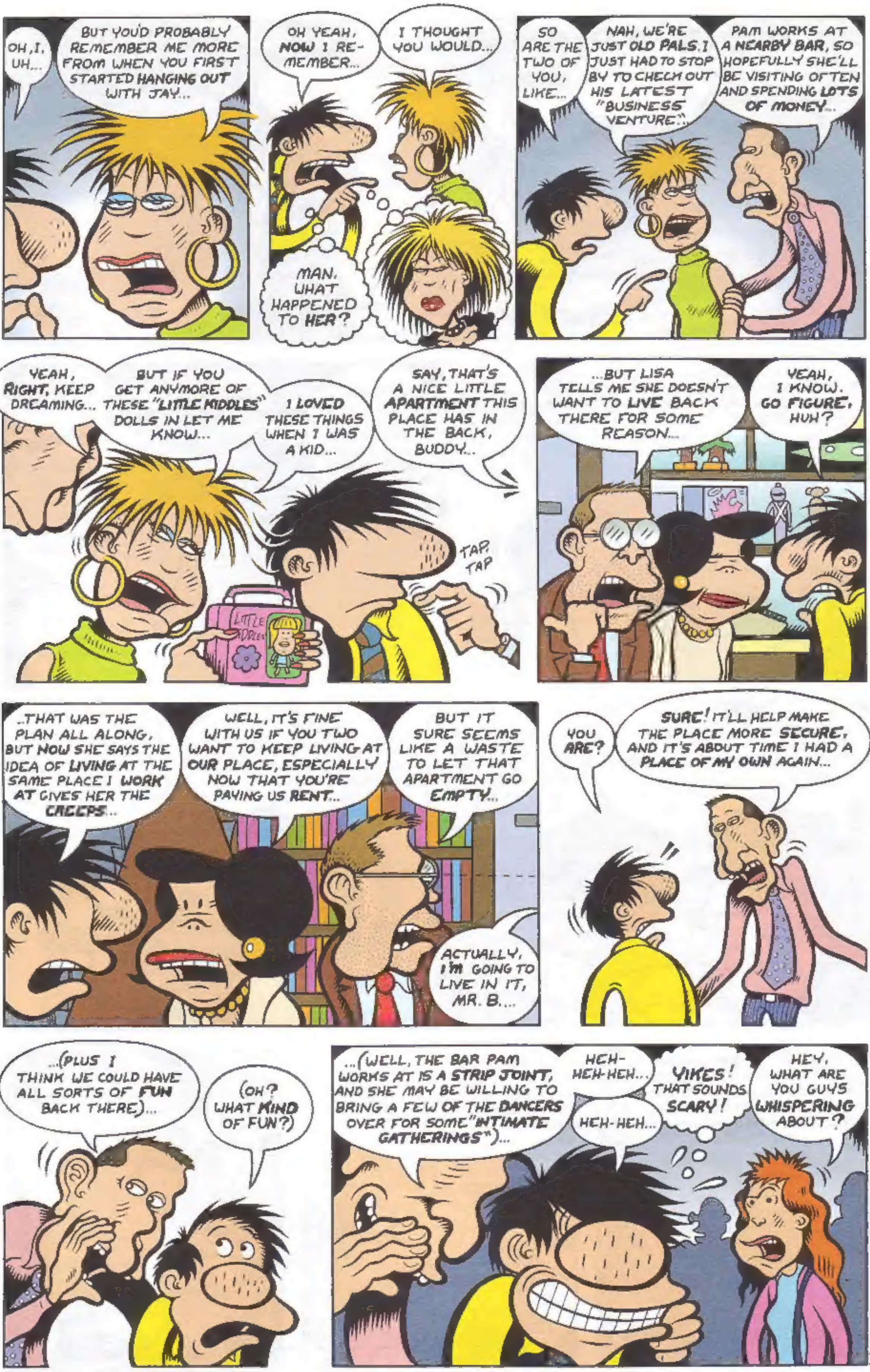
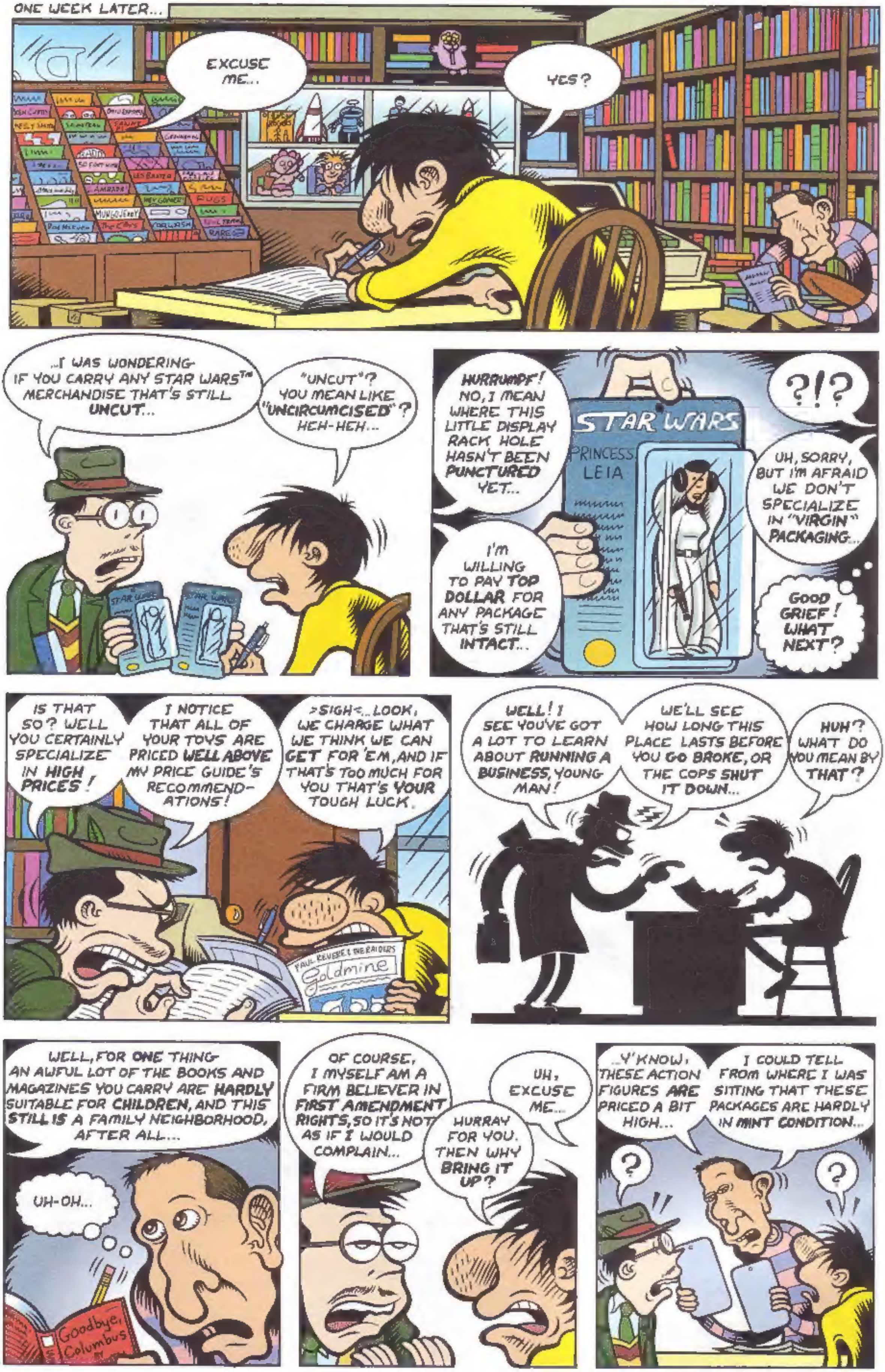
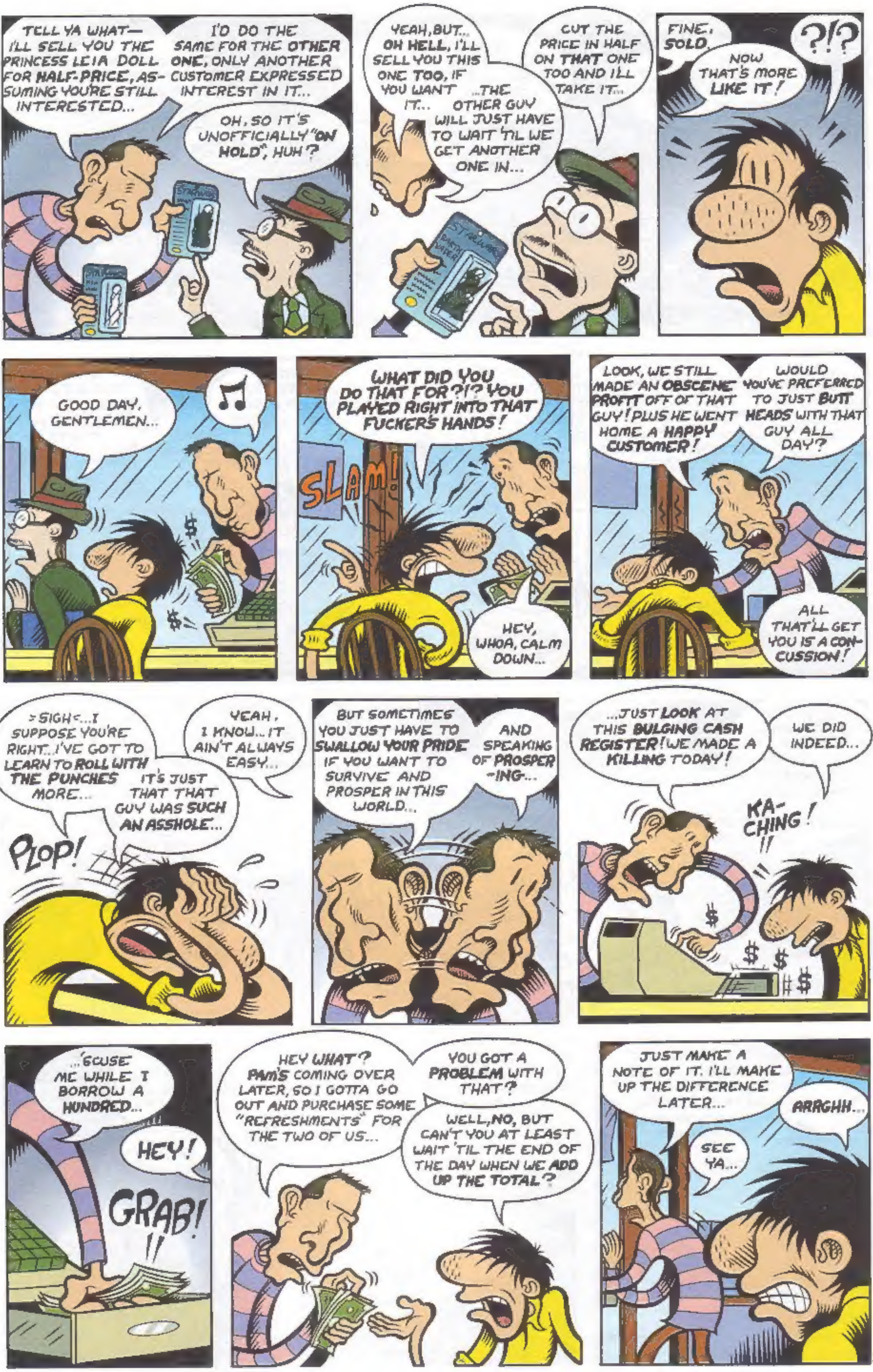


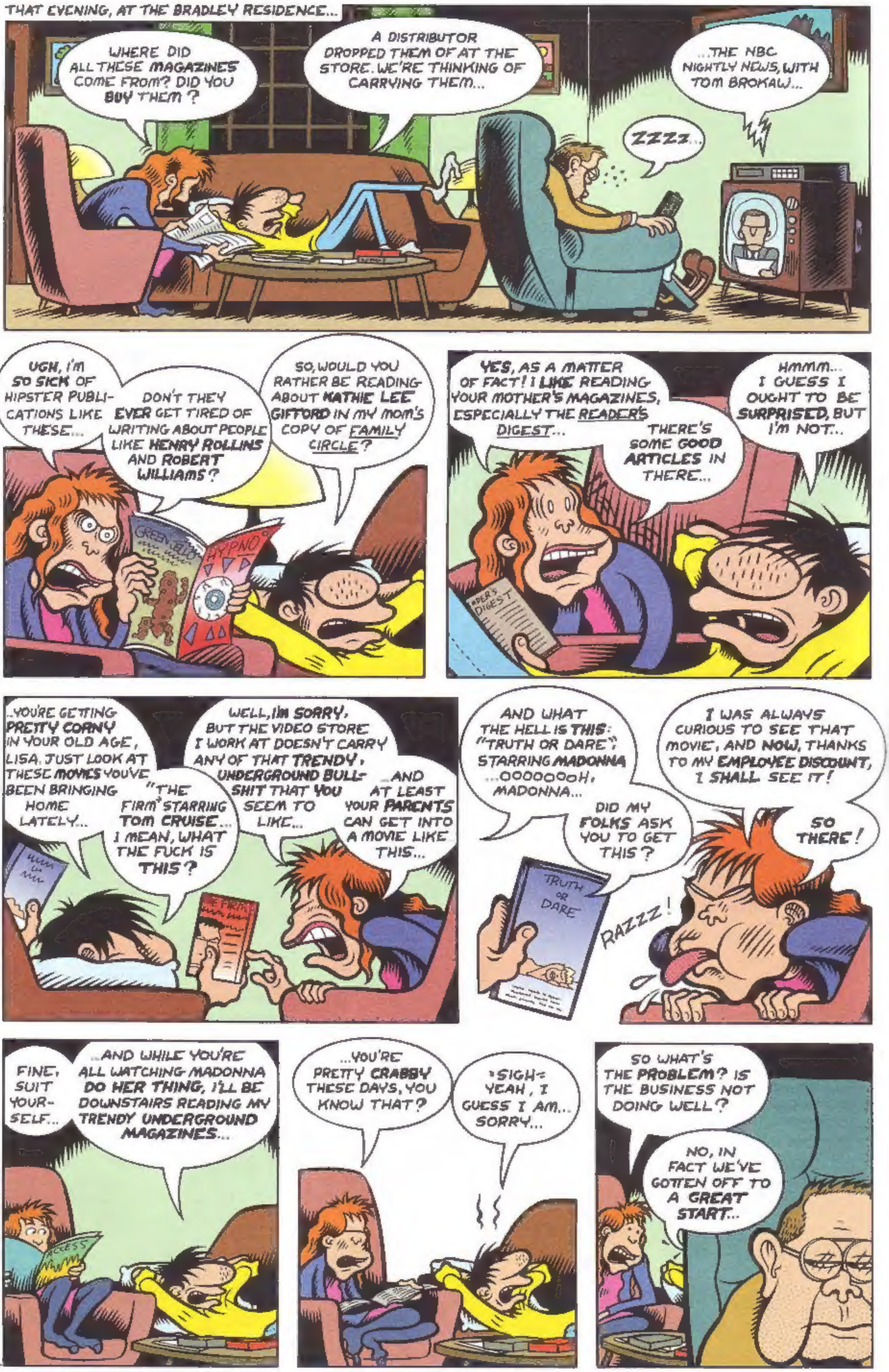
BUDDY BRADLEY and his Ol' Pal JAY in...
"PARTNERS"
©1995 BY PETER BAGGE
DRAWN BY P. BAGGE AND JIM BLANCHARD
GRAND OPENING
BUDDY, HAVE YOU SEEN TYLER?
I CAN'T FIND HIM ANYWHERE...
NO, I HAVEN'T, I—
HEY BUDDY, WHERE IN YOUR SHOP CAN I HANG UP THIS FLYER FOR MY BAND'S SHOW?
COLLECTORS
OPEN
WHAT? WHO TOLD YOU YOU COULD...
YOUR PARTNER JAY DID, BUT HE DIDN'T SAY WHERE...
HEY, BUDDY MAN, THIS STORE COULD EASILY BECOME A MECCA FOR THE BURGEONING NORTH JERSEY SCENE! I CAN EASILY SEE THAT HAPPENING, MAN...
BUDDY!
YOU'VE GOT TO HELP ME FIND TYLER! I'M GETTING WORRIED!
YEAH, I BET ONE OF YOUR WEIRDO FRIENDS ABDUCTED HIM.
OKAY! KEEP YOUR SHIRTS ON!
I'M TELLING YOU, THE 'BURBS ARE WHERE IT'S ALL HAPPENING THESE DAYS! IT'S A WHOLE NEW PHENOMENON: "BOHEMIA ON WHEELS"!
I THOUGHT IT WAS "BOHEMIA ON LINE".

A-HA! THERE YOU ARE...
...WHAT ARE YOU DOING DOWN THERE ON THE FLOOR, TYLER?
I'M JUST COLORING IN THIS COLORING BOOK.
A COLORING BOOK? WHERE'D YOU FIND A—
OH NO!
$200
RAW
(BABS, WILL YOU GET THESE KIDS OUT OF HERE BEFORE THEY PUT ME OUT OF BUSINESS?)
OWW! MOM, HE'S HURTING ME!
TYLER! WHAT WERE YOU UP TO?
HEY! WHAT'S THE BIG IDEA?!
LET GO OF MY BOY-FRIEND, YA BIG APE!
YOU CAN'T DO THIS TO ME! I'M THE POPE OF HUDSON COUNTY!
CALM DOWN, FOLKS, THIS IS JUST ROUTINE PROCEDURE...
BUTCH! WHAT THE HELL ARE YOU DOING!?
PAT! PAT!
I FIGURED I'D BETTER GIVE ALL THE MORE SUSPICIOUS LOOKING CHARACTERS A THOROUGH GOING-OVER, JUST SO THEY'LL KNOW WE DON'T TOLERATE ANY CRIMINAL BEHAVIOR AROUND HERE...
WHADAYA MEAN, "WE"? AND HAVEN'T YOU EVER HEARD OF GOOD WILL?
?!? WHADAYA MEAN, "GOOD WILL"?
I MEAN THERE'S NO WAY THESE PEOPLE ARE GONNA SHOP HERE AGAIN IF WE TREAT THEM LIKE COMMON THIEVES!
I'LL BE LUCKY IF I DON'T GET SUED!
OH... SORRY...
YOU SHOULD BE SORRY!
...SO, WHAT SHOULD I DO WITH ALL OF THIS STUFF?
?!? WHAT IS ALL THAT?
THIS IS WHAT I CONFISCATED OFF OF ALL THE PEOPLE I FRISKED SO FAR...
OY VEY...
'57 CHEVY
HEY BUDDY!..
...YOU REMEMBER MY OLD GIRLFRIEND PAM, DON'T YOU?
SURE YOU DO! WE WENT TO SCHOOL TOGETHER, LIKE, A MILLION YEARS AGO...
OH, I, UH...

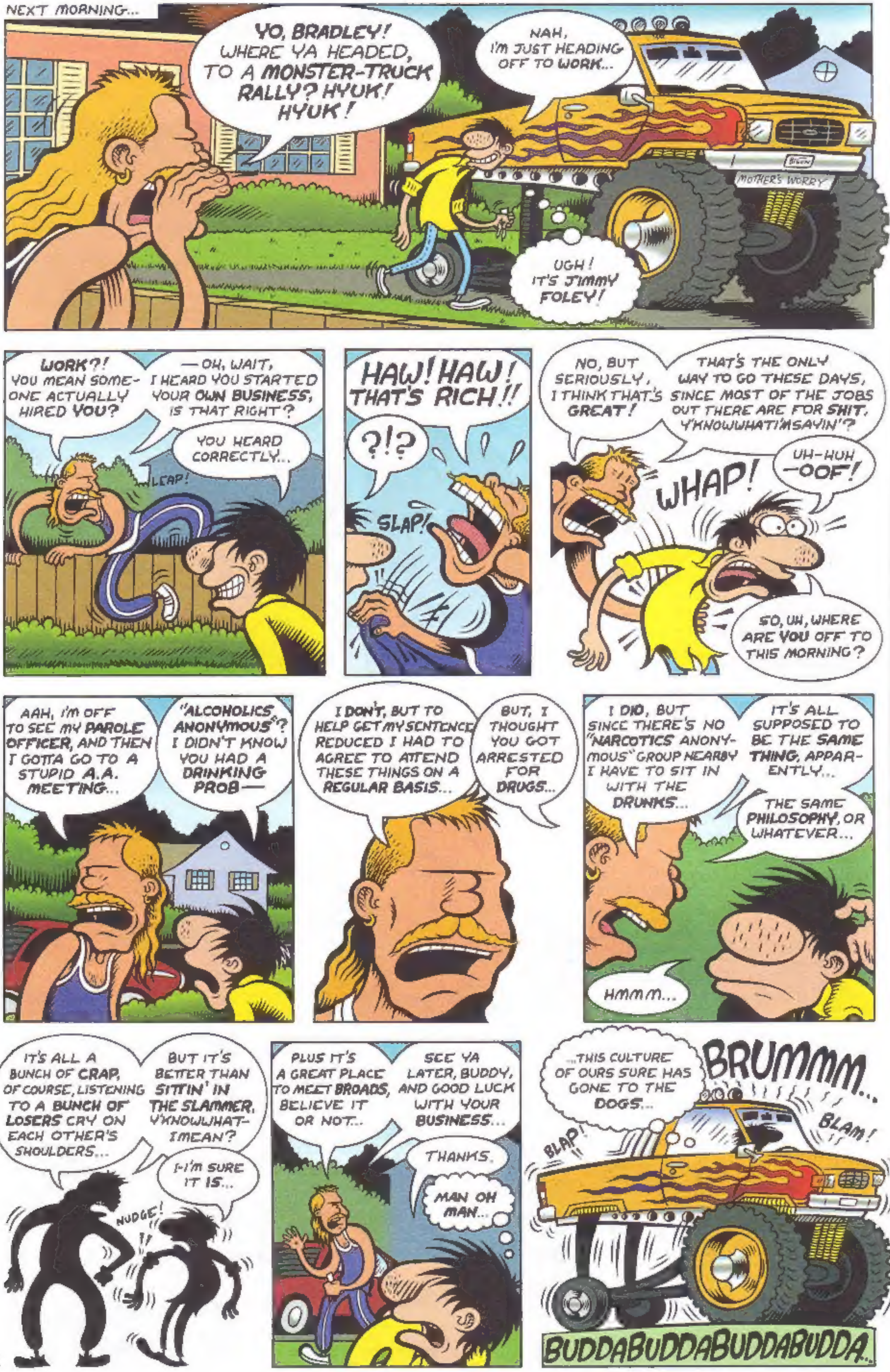

OH, I, UH...
BUT YOU'D PROBABLY REMEMBER ME MORE FROM WHEN YOU FIRST STARTED HANGING OUT WITH JAY...
OH YEAH, NOW I REMEMBER...
I THOUGHT YOU WOULD...
MAN. WHAT HAPPENED TO HER?
SO ARE THE TWO OF YOU, LIKE...
NAH, WE'RE JUST OLD PALS. I JUST HAD TO STOP BY TO CHECK OUT HIS LATEST "BUSINESS VENTURE."
PAM WORKS AT A NEARBY BAR, SO HOPEFULLY SHE'LL BE VISITING OFTEN AND SPENDING LOTS OF MONEY...
YEAH, RIGHT, KEEP DREAMING...
BUT IF YOU GET ANYMORE OF THESE "LITTLE KIDDLES" DOLLS IN LET ME KNOW...
I LOVED THESE THINGS WHEN I WAS A KID...
SAY, THAT'S A NICE LITTLE APARTMENT THIS PLACE HAS IN THE BACK, BUDDY...
TAP TAP
LITTLE KIDDLES
...BUT LISA TELLS ME SHE DOESN'T WANT TO LIVE BACK THERE FOR SOME REASON...
YEAH, I KNOW. GO FIGURE, HUH?
..THAT WAS THE PLAN ALL ALONG, BUT NOW SHE SAYS THE IDEA OF LIVING AT THE SAME PLACE I WORK AT GIVES HER THE CREEPS...
WELL, IT'S FINE WITH US IF YOU TWO WANT TO KEEP LIVING AT OUR PLACE, ESPECIALLY NOW THAT YOU'RE PAYING US RENT...
BUT IT SURE SEEMS LIKE A WASTE TO LET THAT APARTMENT GO EMPTY...
ACTUALLY, I'M GOING TO LIVE IN IT, MR. B....
YOU ARE?
SURE! IT'LL HELP MAKE THE PLACE MORE SECURE, AND IT'S ABOUT TIME I HAD A PLACE OF MY OWN AGAIN...
...(PLUS I THINK WE COULD HAVE ALL SORTS OF FUN BACK THERE)...
(OH? WHAT KIND OF FUN?)
...(WELL, THE BAR PAM WORKS AT IS A STRIP JOINT, AND SHE MAY BE WILLING TO BRING A FEW OF THE DANCERS OVER FOR SOME "INTIMATE GATHERINGS")...
HEH-HEH-HEH...
HEH-HEH...
YIKES! THAT SOUNDS SCARY!
HEY, WHAT ARE YOU GUYS WHISPERING ABOUT?


ONE WEEK LATER...
EXCUSE ME...
YES?
...I WAS WONDERING IF YOU CARRY ANY STAR WARS™ MERCHANDISE THAT'S STILL UNCUT...
"UNCUT"? YOU MEAN LIKE "UNCIRCUMCISED"? HEH-HEH...
HURRUMPF! NO, I MEAN WHERE THIS LITTLE DISPLAY RACK HOLE HASN'T BEEN PUNCTURED YET...
STAR WARS
PRINCESS LEIA
?!?
I'M WILLING TO PAY TOP DOLLAR FOR ANY PACKAGE THAT'S STILL INTACT...
UH, SORRY, BUT I'M AFRAID WE DON'T SPECIALIZE IN "VIRGIN" PACKAGING...
GOOD GRIEF! WHAT NEXT?
IS THAT SO? WELL YOU CERTAINLY SPECIALIZE IN HIGH PRICES!
I NOTICE THAT ALL OF YOUR TOYS ARE PRICED WELL ABOVE MY PRICE GUIDE'S RECOMMEND-ATIONS!
>SIGH<...LOOK, WE CHARGE WHAT WE THINK WE CAN GET FOR 'EM, AND IF THAT'S TOO MUCH FOR YOU THAT'S YOUR TOUGH LUCK.
PAUL REVERE & THE RAIDERS
Goldmine
WELL! I SEE YOU'VE GOT A LOT TO LEARN ABOUT RUNNING A BUSINESS, YOUNG MAN!
WE'LL SEE HOW LONG THIS PLACE LASTS BEFORE YOU GO BROKE, OR THE COPS SHUT IT DOWN...
HUH? WHAT DO YOU MEAN BY THAT?
WELL, FOR ONE THING AN AWFUL LOT OF THE BOOKS AND MAGAZINES YOU CARRY ARE HARDLY SUITABLE FOR CHILDREN, AND THIS STILL IS A FAMILY NEIGHBORHOOD, AFTER ALL...
UH-OH...
Goodbye, Columbus
OF COURSE, I MYSELF AM A FIRM BELIEVER IN FIRST AMENDMENT RIGHTS, SO IT'S NOT AS IF I WOULD COMPLAIN...
HURRAY FOR YOU. THEN WHY BRING IT UP?
UH, EXCUSE ME...
...Y'KNOW, THESE ACTION FIGURES ARE PRICED A BIT HIGH...
I COULD TELL FROM WHERE I WAS SITTING THAT THESE PACKAGES ARE HARDLY IN MINT CONDITION...
?
?


TELL YA WHAT— I'LL SELL YOU THE PRINCESS LEIA DOLL FOR HALF-PRICE, ASSUMING YOU'RE STILL INTERESTED...
I'D DO THE SAME FOR THE OTHER ONE, ONLY ANOTHER CUSTOMER EXPRESSED INTEREST IN IT...
OH, SO IT'S UNOFFICIALLY "ON HOLD", HUH?
YEAH, BUT... OH HELL, I'LL SELL YOU THIS ONE TOO, IF YOU WANT IT...
...THE OTHER GUY WILL JUST HAVE TO WAIT 'TIL WE GET ANOTHER ONE IN...
CUT THE PRICE IN HALF ON THAT ONE TOO AND I'LL TAKE IT...
FINE. SOLD.
?!?
NOW THAT'S MORE LIKE IT!
GOOD DAY, GENTLEMEN...
WHAT DID YOU DO THAT FOR?!? YOU PLAYED RIGHT INTO THAT FUCKER'S HANDS!
SLAM!
HEY, WHOA, CALM DOWN...
LOOK, WE STILL MADE AN OBSCENE PROFIT OFF OF THAT GUY! PLUS HE WENT HOME A HAPPY CUSTOMER!
WOULD YOU'VE PREFERRED TO JUST BUTT HEADS WITH THAT GUY ALL DAY?
ALL THAT'LL GET YOU IS A CONCUSSION!
>SIGH<...I SUPPOSE YOU'RE RIGHT...I'VE GOT TO LEARN TO ROLL WITH THE PUNCHES MORE...
IT'S JUST THAT THAT GUY WAS SUCH AN ASSHOLE...
YEAH, I KNOW... IT AIN'T ALWAYS EASY...
PLOP!
BUT SOMETIMES YOU JUST HAVE TO SWALLOW YOUR PRIDE IF YOU WANT TO SURVIVE AND PROSPER IN THIS WORLD...
AND SPEAKING OF PROSPERING...
...JUST LOOK AT THIS BULGING CASH REGISTER! WE MADE A KILLING TODAY!
WE DID INDEED...
KA-CHING!
...'SCUSE ME WHILE I BORROW A HUNDRED...
HEY!
GRAB!
HEY WHAT? PAM'S COMING OVER LATER, SO I GOTTA GO OUT AND PURCHASE SOME "REFRESHMENTS" FOR THE TWO OF US...
YOU GOT A PROBLEM WITH THAT?
WELL, NO, BUT CAN'T YOU AT LEAST WAIT 'TIL THE END OF THE DAY WHEN WE ADD UP THE TOTAL?
JUST MAKE A NOTE OF IT. I'LL MAKE UP THE DIFFERENCE LATER...
SEE YA...
ARRGHH...

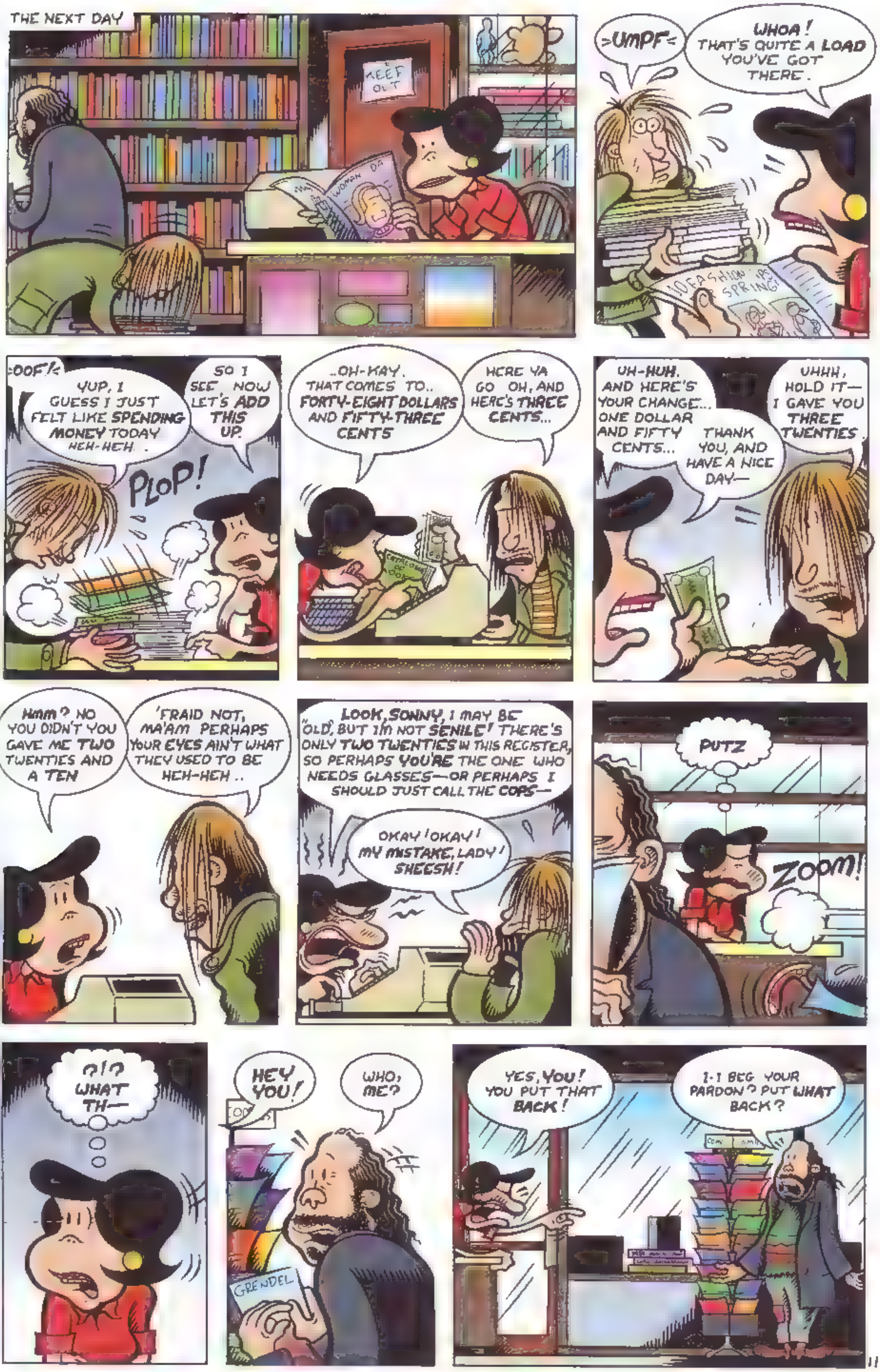

THAT EVENING, AT THE BRADLEY RESIDENCE...
WHERE DID ALL THESE MAGAZINES COME FROM? DID YOU BUY THEM?
A DISTRIBUTOR DROPPED THEM OF AT THE STORE. WE'RE THINKING OF CARRYING THEM...
ZZZZ...
...THE NBC NIGHTLY NEWS, WITH TOM BROKAW...
UGH, I'M SO SICK OF HIPSTER PUBLI-CATIONS LIKE THESE...
DON'T THEY EVER GET TIRED OF WRITING ABOUT PEOPLE LIKE HENRY ROLLINS AND ROBERT WILLIAMS?
SO, WOULD YOU RATHER BE READING ABOUT KATHIE LEE GIFFORD IN MY MOM'S COPY OF FAMILY CIRCLE?
HYPNO
YES, AS A MATTER OF FACT! I LIKE READING YOUR MOTHER'S MAGAZINES, ESPECIALLY THE READER'S DIGEST...
THERE'S SOME GOOD ARTICLES IN THERE...
HMMM... I GUESS I OUGHT TO BE SURPRISED, BUT I'M NOT...
...YOU'RE GETTING PRETTY CORNY IN YOUR OLD AGE, LISA. JUST LOOK AT THESE MOVIES YOU'VE BEEN BRINGING HOME LATELY...
"THE FIRM" STARRING TOM CRUISE... I MEAN, WHAT THE FUCK IS THIS?
WELL, I'M SORRY, BUT THE VIDEO STORE I WORK AT DOESN'T CARRY ANY OF THAT TRENDY, UNDERGROUND BULL-SHIT THAT YOU SEEM TO LIKE...
...AND AT LEAST YOUR PARENTS CAN GET INTO A MOVIE LIKE THIS...
AND WHAT THE HELL IS THIS: "TRUTH OR DARE", STARRING MADONNA ...OOOOOOOH, MADONNA...
DID MY FOLKS ASK YOU TO GET THIS?
TRUTH OR DARE
I WAS ALWAYS CURIOUS TO SEE THAT MOVIE, AND NOW, THANKS TO MY EMPLOYEE DISCOUNT, I SHALL SEE IT!
SO THERE!
RAZZZ!
FINE, SUIT YOUR-SELF...
...AND WHILE YOU'RE ALL WATCHING MADONNA DO HER THING, I'LL BE DOWNSTAIRS READING MY TRENDY UNDERGROUND MAGAZINES...
ACCESS
...YOU'RE PRETTY CRABBY THESE DAYS, YOU KNOW THAT?
=SIGH= YEAH, I GUESS I AM... SORRY...
SO WHAT'S THE PROBLEM? IS THE BUSINESS NOT DOING WELL?
NO, IN FACT WE'VE GOTTEN OFF TO A GREAT START...

...IT'S JUST THAT I'M HAVING A HARD TIME GETTING USED TO DOING BUSINESS WITH JAY...
HIS WAY OF HANDLING THINGS IS SO DIFFERENT THAN MINE...
I THOUGHT YOU SAID HE WAS A GOOD BUSINESS-MAN...
HE IS, BUT HE'S SO CASUAL AND INDIFFERENT ABOUT EVERY-THING...
LIKE TODAY THIS CUSTOMER FROM HELL WAS SHITTING ALL OVER ME, AND JAY'S WAY OF DEALING WITH HIM WAS TO OFFER THE GUY A DISCOUNT...
IT WAS LIKE HE WAS REWARDING HIM FOR BEING AN ASS-HOLE...
...AND THEN ALL THESE PESTS KEEP COMING IN LEAVING THEIR FLYERS ON THE COUNTER, AND BEFORE I CAN STOP THEM THEY'LL SAY: "JAY SAID WE COULD!"
I MEAN, JESUS...
OH, THAT'S NOT SO BAD. IT'S NOT LIKE HE'S TURNING THE PLACE INTO A HOME FOR RUNAWAYS...
FRANK KOZIK
OH MAN, DON'T EVEN JOKE! I'M SURE THAT'LL BE NEXT!
OH YOU... :TSK!:
BUT I'LL TELL YOU WHAT DRIVES ME REALLY CRAZY IS THE WAY HE HANDLES MONEY...
HE'LL JUST GRAB A HANDFUL OF BILLS OUT OF THE REGISTER AND GO SPEND IT ON WHO KNOWS WHAT...
...AND WHEN I TRY TO EXPLAIN TO HIM HOW HARD IT IS TO KEEP THE BOOKS STRAIGHT WHEN HE DOES THAT HE JUST TELLS ME TO "LIGHTEN UP"...
BUT WHO KNOWS, MAYBE HE'S RIGHT.
I WOULDN'T TOLERATE THAT FOR A SECOND IF I WERE YOU, BUDDY...
HUH? OH NO? WHY NOT?
BECAUSE THAT'S NO WAY TO RUN A BUSI-NESS! YA GOTTA RUN A TIGHT SHIP— THERE'S NO TWO WAYS ABOUT IT!
YES, BUT IF BUSINESS IS GOOD, WHY ROCK THE BOAT—
BECAUSE ONE DAY BUSINESS MAY NOT BE SO GOOD, AND THAT'S WHEN YOU'LL REGRET NOT COUNT-ING YOUR PENNIES WHEN YOU HAD PENNIES TO COUNT!
AND THEN THERE'S THE I.R.S...
WELL, HOW WOULD YOU KNOW? YOU NEVER HAD YOUR OWN BUSINESS! WHAT MAKES YOU SUCH AN EXPERT?
(SSSH! BUDDY!)
LOOK, I'M TRYING TO HELP YOU, YOU LITTLE INGRATE! IF YOU'D RATHER LEARN THINGS THE HARD WAY THEN GO AHEAD! NO ONE'S STOPPING YOU!
...I SWEAR YOU'RE GONNA BE THE DEATH OF ME, SMART-ASS PUNK...
LISA, WHERE'S MY MEDICINE?
I'LL GET IT, MR. BRADLEY...
(SHAME ON YOU, BUDDY)...
?!? WHAT TH—


NEXT MORNING...
YO, BRADLEY! WHERE YA HEADED, TO A MONSTER-TRUCK RALLY? HYUK! HYUK!
NAH, I'M JUST HEADING OFF TO WORK...
UGH! IT'S JIMMY FOLEY!
MOTHER'S WORRY
WORK?! YOU MEAN SOME-ONE ACTUALLY HIRED YOU?
—OH, WAIT, I HEARD YOU STARTED YOUR OWN BUSINESS; IS THAT RIGHT?
LEAP!
YOU HEARD CORRECTLY...
HAW! HAW! THAT'S RICH!!
?!?
SLAP!
NO, BUT SERIOUSLY, I THINK THAT'S GREAT!
THAT'S THE ONLY WAY TO GO THESE DAYS, SINCE MOST OF THE JOBS OUT THERE ARE FOR SHIT, Y'KNOWWHATI'MSAYIN'?
WHAP!
UH-HUH —OOF!
SO, UH, WHERE ARE YOU OFF TO THIS MORNING?
AAH, I'M OFF TO SEE MY PAROLE OFFICER, AND THEN I GOTTA GO TO A STUPID A.A. MEETING...
"ALCOHOLICS ANONYMOUS"? I DIDN'T KNOW YOU HAD A DRINKING PROB—
I DON'T, BUT TO HELP GET MY SENTENCE REDUCED I HAD TO AGREE TO ATTEND THESE THINGS ON A REGULAR BASIS...
BUT, I THOUGHT YOU GOT ARRESTED FOR DRUGS...
I DID, BUT SINCE THERE'S NO "NARCOTICS ANONY-MOUS" GROUP NEARBY I HAVE TO SIT IN WITH THE DRUNKS...
IT'S ALL SUPPOSED TO BE THE SAME THING, APPAR-ENTLY...
THE SAME PHILOSOPHY, OR WHATEVER...
HMMM...
IT'S ALL A BUNCH OF CRAP, OF COURSE, LISTENING TO A BUNCH OF LOSERS CRY ON EACH OTHER'S SHOULDERS...
BUT IT'S BETTER THAN SITTIN' IN THE SLAMMER, Y'KNOWWHAT-I'MEAN?
NUDGE!
I-I'M SURE IT IS...
PLUS IT'S A GREAT PLACE TO MEET BROADS, BELIEVE IT OR NOT...
SEE YA LATER, BUDDY, AND GOOD LUCK WITH YOUR BUSINESS...
THANKS.
MAN OH MAN...
...THIS CULTURE OF OURS SURE HAS GONE TO THE DOGS...
BRUMMM...
BLAP!
BLAM!
BUDDABUDDABUDDABUDDA...

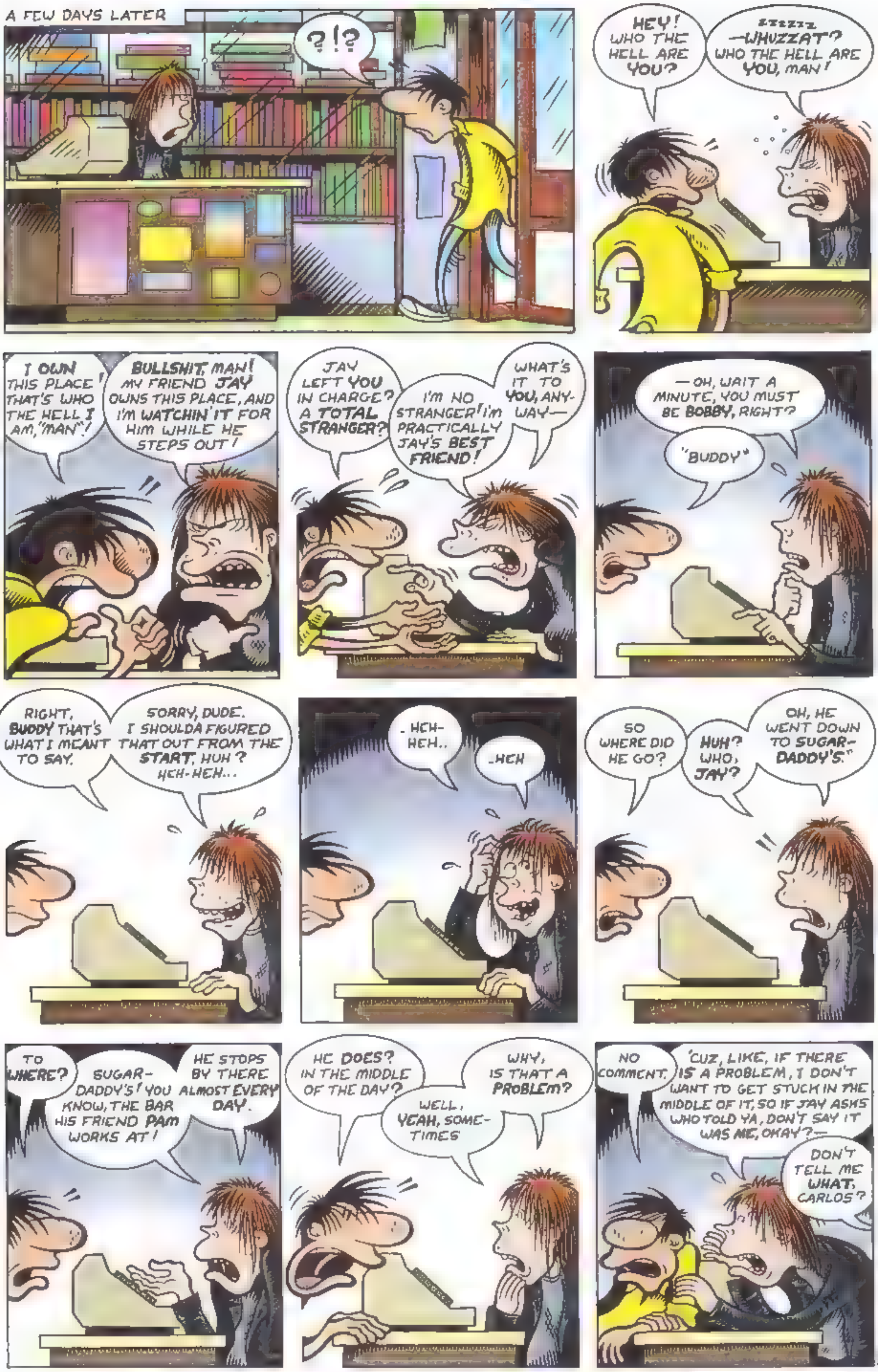
WEEKS LATER...
ARRGH NOW WHAT?
KNOCK! KNOCK!
S'CUSE ME, JAY
WHAT'S UP?
H.R PUFN-STUF ♫
WELL, WE'VE GOT THE USUAL DISCREPANCY IN TODAY'S TALLY, ONLY THIS TIME IT'S A BIGGIE
LIKE HOW BIG?
LIKE OVER TWO-HUNDRED AND FIFTY DOLLARS
$250? YIKES.
YOU HAVE ANY IDEA WHERE THAT MONEY WENT? 'CUZ I HAVEN'T GOT A CLUE.
I'M THINKING, I'M THINKING...
♫ CAN'T DO A LITTLE CUZ YOU CAN'T DO ENOUGH!
—OH YEAH, THIS OLD LADY CAME IN OFFERING TO SELL THIS HUGE TOY COLLECTION THAT HER KIDS LEFT BEHIND.
IT WAS TOO GOOD A DEAL TO PASS UP ON..
UH-HUH SO WHERE IS THIS HUGE COLLECTION?
SHE'S GONNA BRING IT IN TOMORROW. THE TWO-FIFTY WAS JUST AN ADVANCE...
YOU BOUGHT IT SIGHT UNSEEN?
IT WAS JUST AN ADVANCE! I COULDN'T RISK HER SELLING IT TO SOMEBODY ELSE, COULD I?
AND DON'T WORRY, I GOT HER NAME AND NUMBER. SHE'S TOTALLY LEGIT
SO WHY AM I ONLY LEARNING ABOUT THIS NOW? COULDN'T YOU'VE AT LEAST LEFT A NOTE, EXPLAINING WHERE THE MONEY WENT?
I COULDA SWORN THAT I DID.. MAYBE IT FELL ON THE FLOOR OR SOME-THING
I-YI-YI...
I DUNNO, JAY. I GIVE UP
HEY, WHAT ARE YOU SO DE-SPONDENT OVER? I STRUCK A GREAT DEAL TODAY! JUST WAIT, YOU'LL SEE!
IN THE MEANTIME, WILL YOU PLEASE STOP SWEATIN' THE SMALL STUFF?
JESUS YOU'RE SUCH A WORRY WART

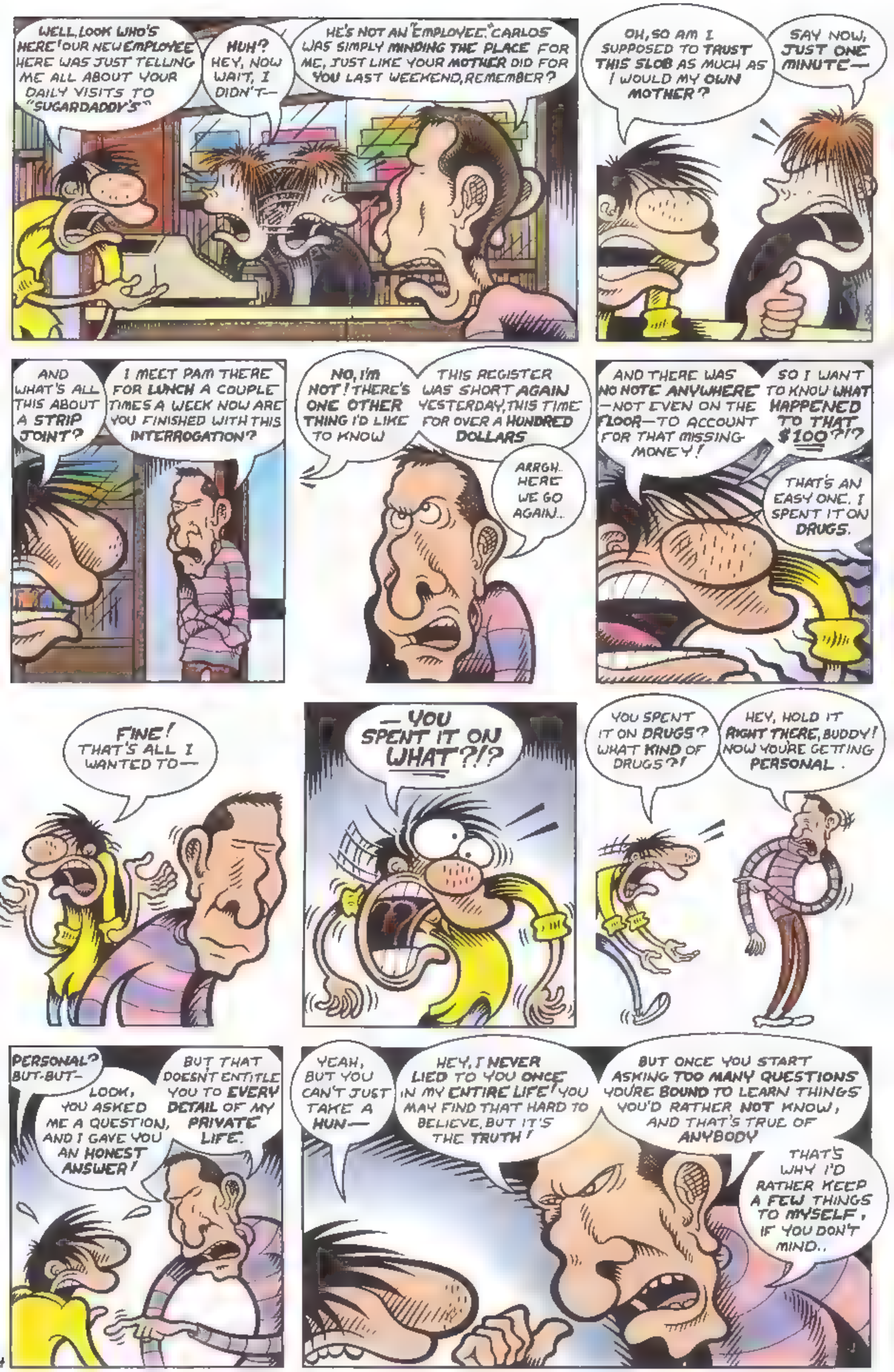
—OOH, JEEZ, I JUST REMEMBERED SOMETHING...
OH JAY, DO YOU THINK YOU COULD FILL IN FOR ME FOR A FEW HOURS TOMORROW?
LISA AND I HAVE A FEW ERRANDS TO RUN—
NO.
NO?! WHY NOT?
BECAUSE WE BOTH AGREED TO STICK STRICTLY TO OUR WORK SCHEDULES AT THE TIME WE MADE THEM!
JUST TELL LISA TO RUN HER ERRANDS BY HERSELF
BUT, SHE CAN'T! SHE STILL DOESN'T KNOW HER WAY AROUND THESE PARTS TOO WELL..
SO? THEN YOU DO IT AND HAVE HER FILL IN FOR YOU...
THAT'LL BE FINE WITH ME.
NO CAN DO SHE ABSOLUTELY REFUSES TO WORK HERE FOR A SECOND SHE SAYS I YELL AT HER TOO MUCH
THEN GET ONE OF YOUR OTHER FAMILY MEMBERS...WHAT ABOUT YOUR SISTER?
UH-UH, NO WAY SHE'LL BRING HER KIDS ALONG, WHO'RE SURE TO TRASH THE PLACE
AND IF WE LET BUTCH FILL IN WE'LL NEVER GET RID OF HIM HE'LL DECLARE HIM-SELF VICE-PRESIDENT IN CHARGE OF SECURITY!
YEAH, WELL, WHAT CAN I TELL YA..
HELP! JIMMY!
AW, C'MON, JAY! WHAT'S THE BIG DEAL?
I MEAN, YOU LIVE HERE, FOR CHRISSAKES—
WHOA, NOW HOLD IT RIGHT THERE!
THIS IS MY HOME, BUDDY, AND I THOUGHT WE AGREED THAT THERE'D BE NO TAKING ADVANTAGE OF THAT FACT!
I SHOULDA FIGURED YOU'D START PULLING SHIT LIKE THIS...
THAT'S WHAT I GET FOR LETTING YOU INVADE MY PRIVACY JUST SO YOU CAN PISS AND MOAN ABOUT "DIS-CREPANCIES"
OKAY! OKAY! FORGET I SAID ANYTHING!
LOOK OUT! HERE COMES WITCHIPOO!
SO MUCH FOR MY GETTING MY ERRANDS DONE..
YES, WELL, LIFE CAN BE ROUGH SOMETIMES
IF ONLY I COULD THINK OF SOMEBODY WHO COULD FILL IN FOR ME.
THERE MUST BE SOME-ONE



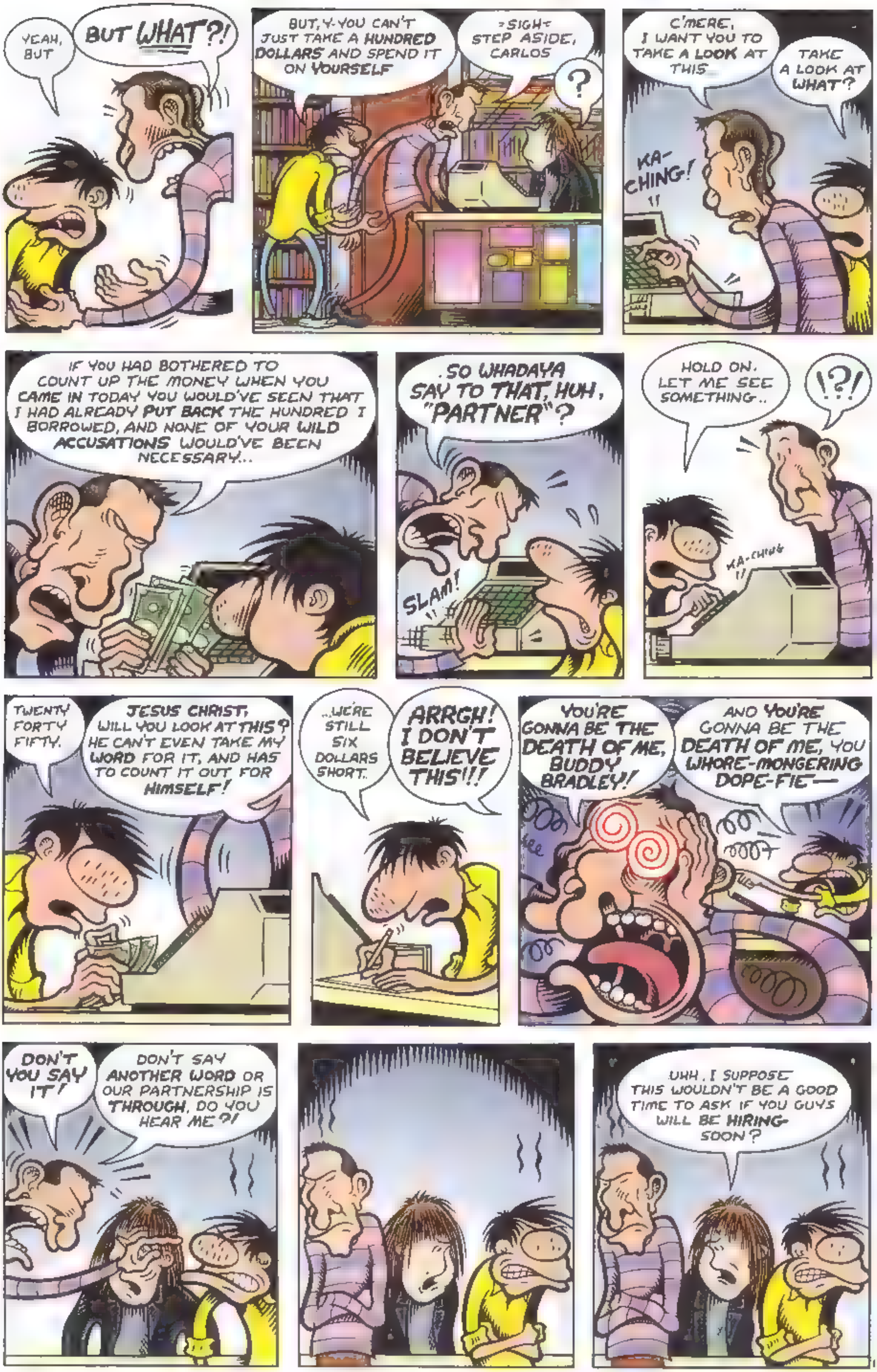
THE NEXT DAY
KEEP OUT
>UMPF<
WHOA! THAT'S QUITE A LOAD YOU'VE GOT THERE.
>OOF!<
YUP, I GUESS I JUST FELT LIKE SPENDING MONEY TODAY HEH-HEH.
SO I SEE. NOW LET'S ADD THIS UP.
PLOP!
..OH-KAY. THAT COMES TO.. FORTY-EIGHT DOLLARS AND FIFTY-THREE CENTS
HERE YA GO. OH, AND HERE'S THREE CENTS...
UH-HUH. AND HERE'S YOUR CHANGE... ONE DOLLAR AND FIFTY CENTS...
THANK YOU, AND HAVE A NICE DAY—
UHHH, HOLD IT— I GAVE YOU THREE TWENTIES.
HMM? NO YOU DIDN'T. YOU GAVE ME TWO TWENTIES AND A TEN.
'FRAID NOT, MA'AM. PERHAPS YOUR EYES AIN'T WHAT THEY USED TO BE HEH-HEH..
LOOK, SONNY, I MAY BE "OLD," BUT I'M NOT SENILE! THERE'S ONLY TWO TWENTIES IN THIS REGISTER, SO PERHAPS YOU'RE THE ONE WHO NEEDS GLASSES—OR PERHAPS I SHOULD JUST CALL THE COPS—
OKAY! OKAY! MY MISTAKE, LADY! SHEESH!
PUTZ
ZOOM!
?!? WHAT TH—
HEY YOU!
WHO, ME?
GRENDEL
YES, YOU! YOU PUT THAT BACK!
I-I BEG YOUR PARDON? PUT WHAT BACK?

DON'T GET WISE WITH ME! I SAW YOU SLIP SOMETHING UNDER YOUR COAT, AND YOU'D BETTER PUT IT BACK OR YOU'LL BE IN BIG TROUBLE!
"IN TROUBLE"? WHAT IS THIS, GRADE SCHOOL?
MADAM, IT'S QUITE OBVIOUS THAT YOU'RE NEW HERE—OTHERWISE YOU'D KNOW THAT I'M ONE OF THIS ESTABLISHMENT'S BEST CUSTOMERS
AND I'M SURE THAT ONCE THE PROPRIETORS CATCH WIND OF THIS THEY'LL BE QUITE D—
JUST SHUT YOUR TRAP AND PUT IT BACK
LOOK, LADY, I DON'T TAKE KINDLY TO BEING LABELED A THIEF!
SO WHY DON'T YOU JUST MOSEY ON BACK TO YOUR STATION AND I'LL..
PUT IT BACK RIGHT NOW OR I'LL BOX YOUR EARS!
YOU'LL DO WHAT?!
NOW SEE HERE, I—
POW!
NOW WILL YOU PUT IT BACK?
TWEET! TWEET!
THAT'S A GOOD BOY
NOW PLEASE BE ON YOUR WAY.
MY GOODNESS...
.. IT NEVER CEASES TO AMAZE ME HOW SOME PEOPLE SIMPLY REFUSE TO GROW UP
♫ ..HERE'S THE STORY, OF A MAN NAMED BRADY...

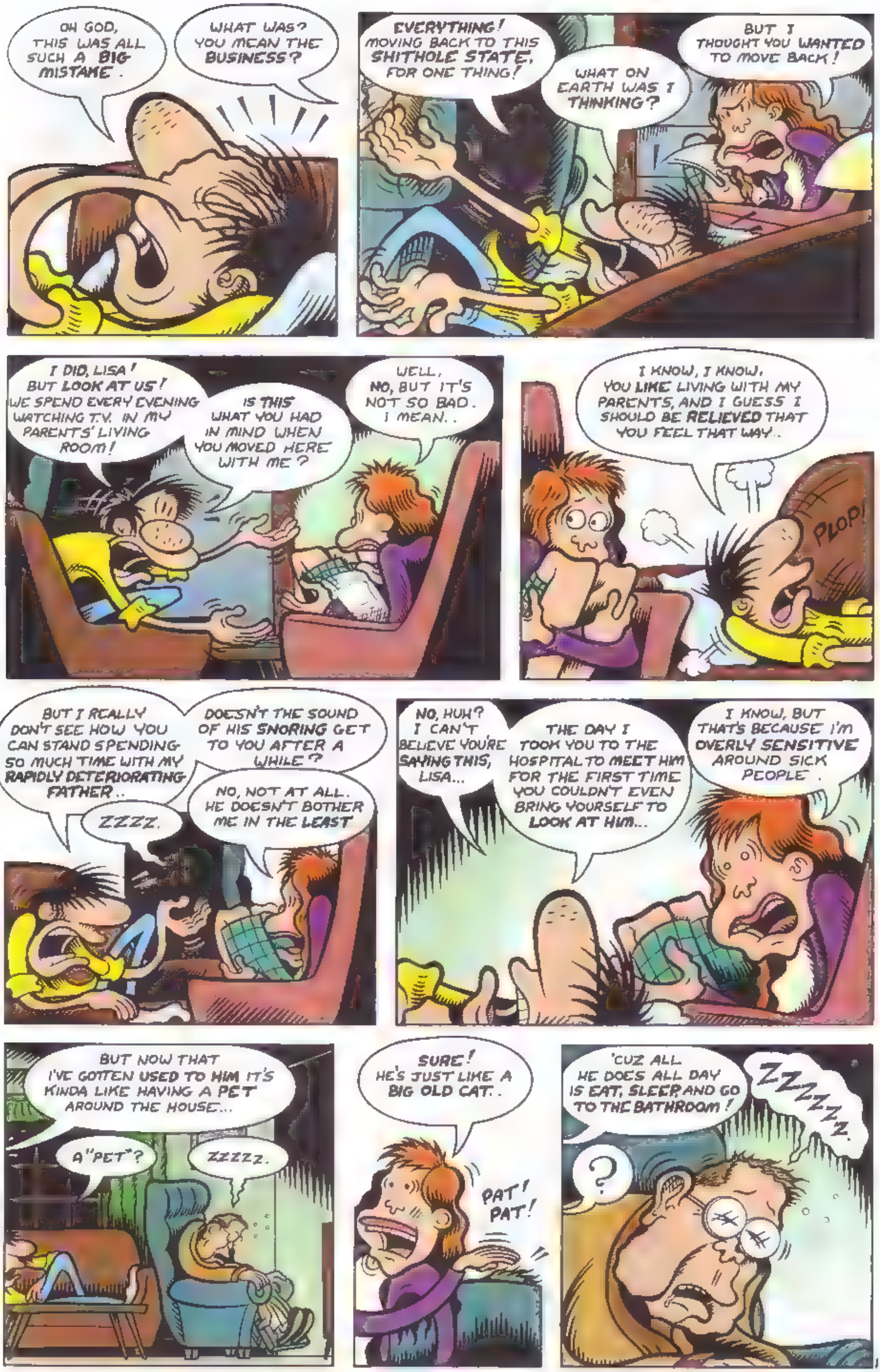

A FEW DAYS LATER
?!?
HEY! WHO THE HELL ARE YOU?
zzzzzz —WHUZZAT? WHO THE HELL ARE YOU, MAN!
I OWN THIS PLACE! THAT'S WHO THE HELL I AM, "MAN"!
BULLSHIT, MAN! MY FRIEND JAY OWNS THIS PLACE, AND I'M WATCHIN' IT FOR HIM WHILE HE STEPS OUT!
JAY LEFT YOU IN CHARGE? A TOTAL STRANGER?
I'M NO STRANGER! I'M PRACTICALLY JAY'S BEST FRIEND!
WHAT'S IT TO YOU, ANY-WAY—
—OH, WAIT A MINUTE, YOU MUST BE BOBBY, RIGHT?
"BUDDY"
RIGHT, BUDDY THAT'S WHAT I MEANT TO SAY.
SORRY, DUDE. I SHOULDA FIGURED THAT OUT FROM THE START, HUH? HEH-HEH...
-HEH-HEH..
-HEH
SO WHERE DID HE GO?
HUH? WHO, JAY?
OH, HE WENT DOWN TO SUGAR-DADDY'S."
TO WHERE?
SUGAR-DADDY'S! YOU KNOW, THE BAR HIS FRIEND PAM WORKS AT!
HE STOPS BY THERE ALMOST EVERY DAY.
HE DOES? IN THE MIDDLE OF THE DAY?
WHY, IS THAT A PROBLEM?
WELL, YEAH, SOME-TIMES
NO COMMENT.
'CUZ, LIKE, IF THERE IS A PROBLEM, I DON'T WANT TO GET STUCK IN THE MIDDLE OF IT, SO IF JAY ASKS WHO TOLD YA, DON'T SAY IT WAS ME, OKAY?—
DON'T TELL ME WHAT, CARLOS?

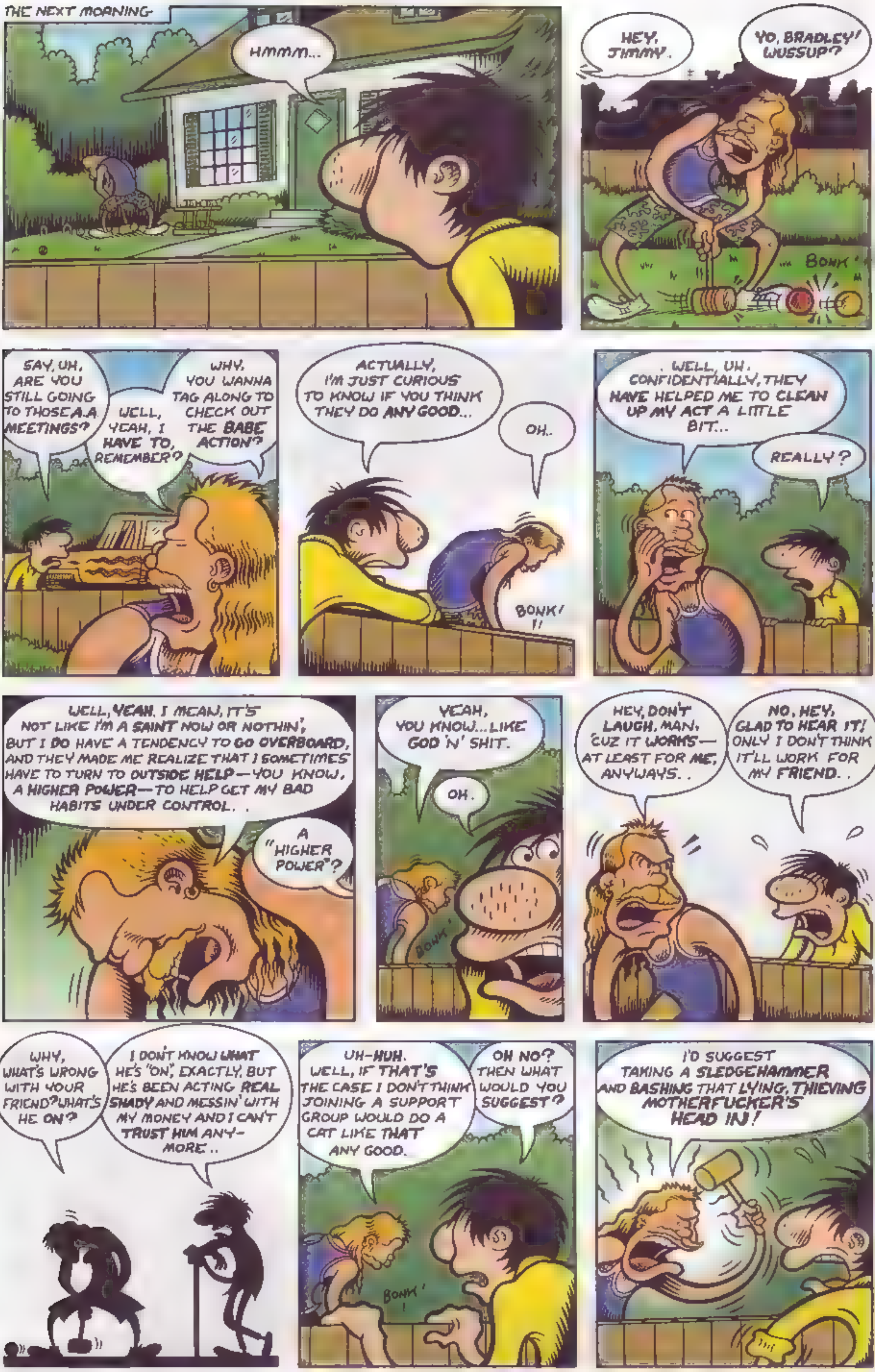


WELL, LOOK WHO'S HERE! OUR NEW EMPLOYEE HERE WAS JUST TELLING ME ALL ABOUT YOUR DAILY VISITS TO "SUGARDADDY'S"
HUH? HEY, NOW WAIT, I DIDN'T—
HE'S NOT AN "EMPLOYEE." CARLOS WAS SIMPLY MINDING THE PLACE FOR ME, JUST LIKE YOUR MOTHER DID FOR YOU LAST WEEKEND, REMEMBER?
OH, SO AM I SUPPOSED TO TRUST THIS SLOB AS MUCH AS I WOULD MY OWN MOTHER?
SAY NOW, JUST ONE MINUTE—
AND WHAT'S ALL THIS ABOUT A STRIP JOINT?
I MEET PAM THERE FOR LUNCH A COUPLE TIMES A WEEK NOW ARE YOU FINISHED WITH THIS INTERROGATION?
NO, I'M NOT! THERE'S ONE OTHER THING I'D LIKE TO KNOW
THIS REGISTER WAS SHORT AGAIN YESTERDAY, THIS TIME FOR OVER A HUNDRED DOLLARS
ARRGH.. HERE WE GO AGAIN..
AND THERE WAS NO NOTE ANYWHERE —NOT EVEN ON THE FLOOR—TO ACCOUNT FOR THAT MISSING MONEY!
SO I WANT TO KNOW WHAT HAPPENED TO THAT $100?!?
THAT'S AN EASY ONE. I SPENT IT ON DRUGS.
FINE! THAT'S ALL I WANTED TO—
—YOU SPENT IT ON WHAT?!?
YOU SPENT IT ON DRUGS? WHAT KIND OF DRUGS?!
HEY, HOLD IT RIGHT THERE, BUDDY! NOW YOU'RE GETTING PERSONAL.
PERSONAL? BUT-BUT—
LOOK, YOU ASKED ME A QUESTION, AND I GAVE YOU AN HONEST ANSWER!
BUT THAT DOESN'T ENTITLE YOU TO EVERY DETAIL OF MY PRIVATE LIFE.
YEAH, BUT YOU CAN'T JUST TAKE A HUN—
HEY, I NEVER LIED TO YOU ONCE IN MY ENTIRE LIFE! YOU MAY FIND THAT HARD TO BELIEVE, BUT IT'S THE TRUTH!
BUT ONCE YOU START ASKING TOO MANY QUESTIONS YOU'RE BOUND TO LEARN THINGS YOU'D RATHER NOT KNOW, AND THAT'S TRUE OF ANYBODY
THAT'S WHY I'D RATHER KEEP A FEW THINGS TO MYSELF, IF YOU DON'T MIND..

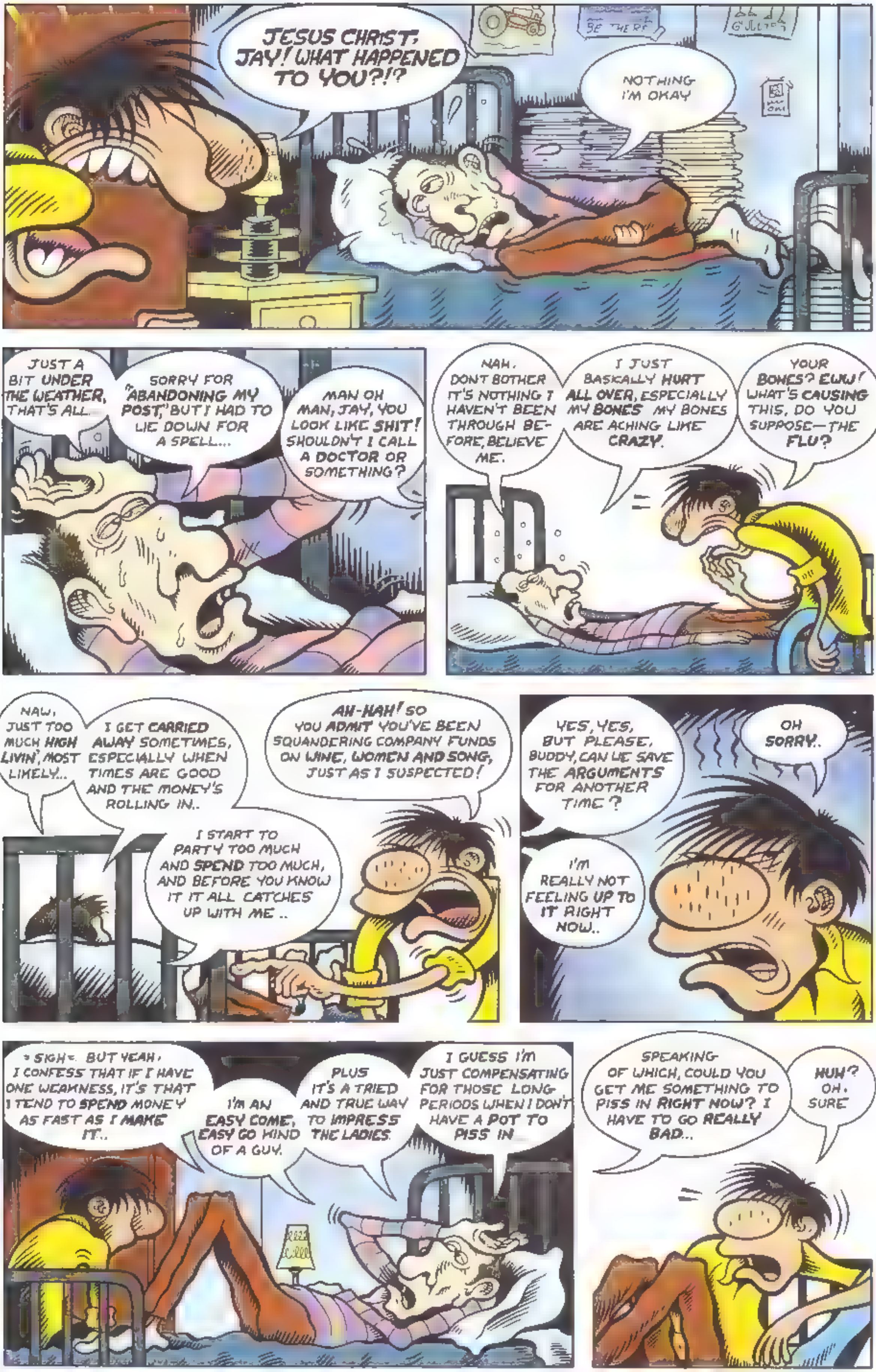

YEAH, BUT
BUT WHAT?!
BUT, Y-YOU CAN'T JUST TAKE A HUNDRED DOLLARS AND SPEND IT ON YOURSELF
=SIGH= STEP ASIDE, CARLOS
?
C'MERE, I WANT YOU TO TAKE A LOOK AT THIS
TAKE A LOOK AT WHAT?
KA-CHING!
IF YOU HAD BOTHERED TO COUNT UP THE MONEY WHEN YOU CAME IN TODAY YOU WOULD'VE SEEN THAT I HAD ALREADY PUT BACK THE HUNDRED I BORROWED, AND NONE OF YOUR WILD ACCUSATIONS WOULD'VE BEEN NECESSARY...
..SO WHADAYA SAY TO THAT, HUH, "PARTNER"?
SLAM!
HOLD ON. LET ME SEE SOMETHING..
!?!
KA-CHING
TWENTY FORTY FIFTY.
JESUS CHRIST, WILL YOU LOOK AT THIS? HE CAN'T EVEN TAKE MY WORD FOR IT, AND HAS TO COUNT IT OUT FOR HIMSELF!
..WE'RE STILL SIX DOLLARS SHORT.
ARRGH! I DON'T BELIEVE THIS!!!
YOU'RE GONNA BE THE DEATH OF ME, BUDDY BRADLEY!
AND YOU'RE GONNA BE THE DEATH OF ME, YOU WHORE-MONGERING DOPE-FIE—
DON'T YOU SAY IT!
DON'T SAY ANOTHER WORD OR OUR PARTNERSHIP IS THROUGH, DO YOU HEAR ME?!
UHH, I SUPPOSE THIS WOULDN'T BE A GOOD TIME TO ASK IF YOU GUYS WILL BE HIRING SOON?

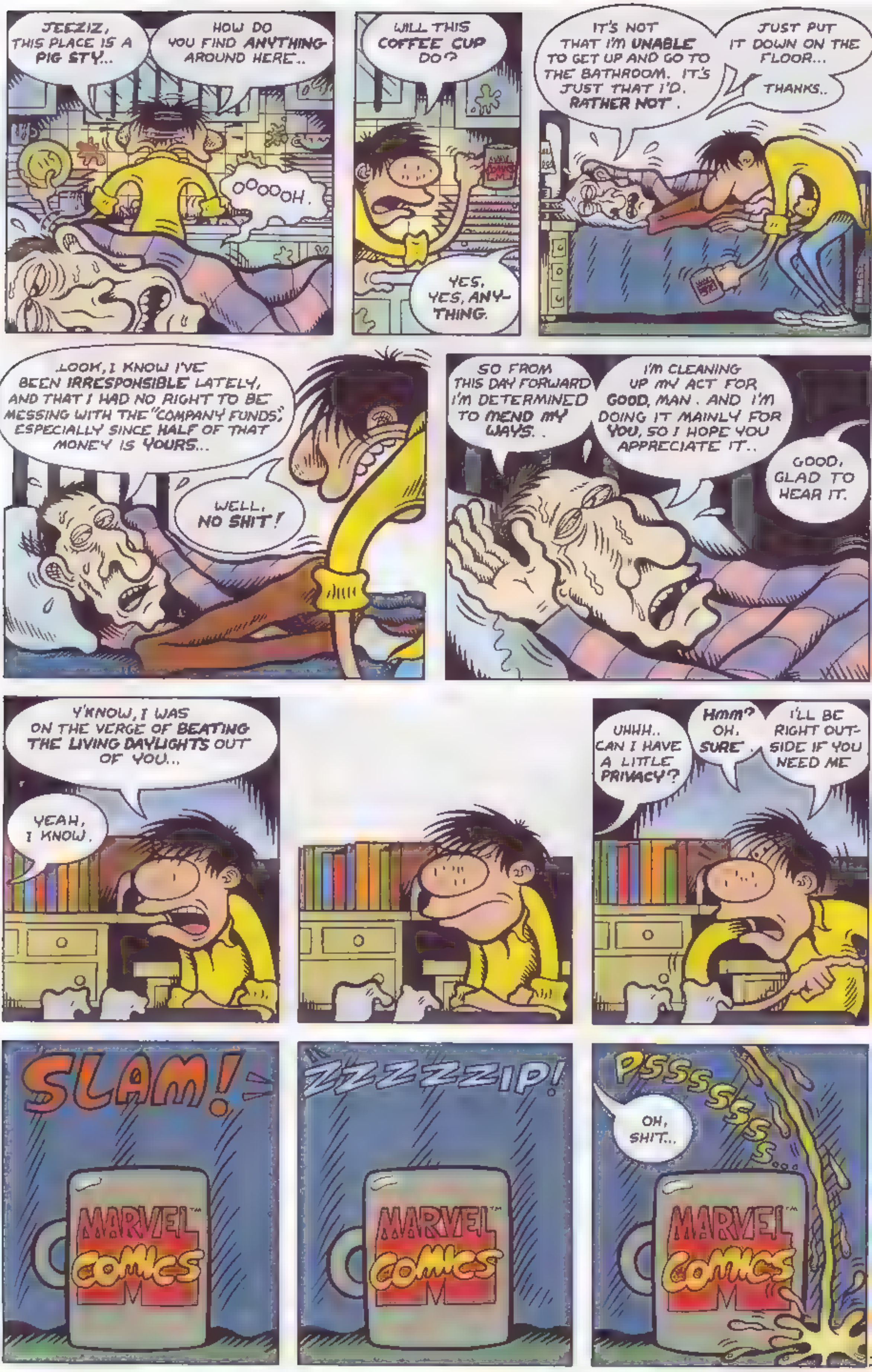
THAT EVENING...
TONIGHT ON "HARD COPY."
ZZZZORK!
(PSSSST! IS MY OLD MAN ASLEEP, OR IS HE JUST BREATHING LOUD?)
I DO BELIEVE HE'S OUT LIKE A LIGHT.
...(IN THAT CASE I'LL JUST STEAL HIS CHANNEL CHANGER AND TURN THIS SHIT OFF)...
ZZZZ..
BLAH, BLAH, BLAH.
AHHH NOW I'M IN CONTROL
BLAH, BLAH, BLAH.
CLICK
?!? WHAT THE FUCK—
BLAH, BLAH, BLAH.
I THINK IT NEEDS NEW BATTERIES..
CLICK CLICK CLICK CLICK
GODDAMN STUPID SPUTTER FUME
SMASH!
?!?
ZZZZ.
BLAH, BLAH, BLAH
WHAT'S THE MATTER NOW? ARE YOU ON THE RAG AGAIN?
HA-HA, VERY FUNNY. I WISH THAT WAS MY PROBLEM
PLOP!
WELL THEN WHAT IS YOUR PROB—
I'VE GOT A HEROIN ADDICT FOR A BUSINESS PARTNER, THAT'S WHAT MY PROBLEM IS!
WHY, DID HE ADMIT HE WAS AN ADDICT?
OF COURSE NOT! NO ONE EVER ADMITS TO BEING HOOKED ON SMACK, SO WHAT'S THE POINT OF EVEN ASKING?
SO THEN HOW DO YOU KNOW—
BECAUSE, ALL THE SIGNS ARE THERE. HE'S ACTING ALL SNEAKY AND DEFENSIVE, MONEY KEEPS APPEARING AND DISAPPEARING, AND HE'S BEEN HANGING OUT WITH STRIPPERS!
WHAT FURTHER PROOF DO YOU NEED?
WELL, I DON'T KNOW, I UH...
HMMM. YOU MAY HAVE A POINT THERE


OH GOD, THIS WAS ALL SUCH A BIG MISTAKE.
WHAT WAS? YOU MEAN THE BUSINESS?
EVERYTHING! MOVING BACK TO THIS SHITHOLE STATE, FOR ONE THING!
WHAT ON EARTH WAS I THINKING?
BUT I THOUGHT YOU WANTED TO MOVE BACK!
I DID, LISA! BUT LOOK AT US! WE SPEND EVERY EVENING WATCHING T.V. IN MY PARENTS' LIVING ROOM!
IS THIS WHAT YOU HAD IN MIND WHEN YOU MOVED HERE WITH ME?
WELL, NO, BUT IT'S NOT SO BAD. I MEAN..
I KNOW, I KNOW. YOU LIKE LIVING WITH MY PARENTS, AND I GUESS I SHOULD BE RELIEVED THAT YOU FEEL THAT WAY..
PLOP!
BUT I REALLY DON'T SEE HOW YOU CAN STAND SPENDING SO MUCH TIME WITH MY RAPIDLY DETERIORATING FATHER..
ZZZZ.
DOESN'T THE SOUND OF HIS SNORING GET TO YOU AFTER A WHILE?
NO, NOT AT ALL. HE DOESN'T BOTHER ME IN THE LEAST
NO, HUH? I CAN'T BELIEVE YOU'RE SAYING THIS, LISA...
THE DAY I TOOK YOU TO THE HOSPITAL TO MEET HIM FOR THE FIRST TIME YOU COULDN'T EVEN BRING YOURSELF TO LOOK AT HIM...
I KNOW, BUT THAT'S BECAUSE I'M OVERLY SENSITIVE AROUND SICK PEOPLE.
BUT NOW THAT I'VE GOTTEN USED TO HIM IT'S KINDA LIKE HAVING A PET AROUND THE HOUSE...
A "PET"?
ZZZZZ.
SURE! HE'S JUST LIKE A BIG OLD CAT..
PAT! PAT!
'CUZ ALL HE DOES ALL DAY IS EAT, SLEEP, AND GO TO THE BATHROOM!
ZZZZZZ.
?


THE NEXT MORNING
HMMM...
HEY, JIMMY.
YO, BRADLEY! WUSSUP?
BONK!
SAY, UH, ARE YOU STILL GOING TO THOSE A.A. MEETINGS?
WELL, YEAH, I HAVE TO, REMEMBER?
WHY, YOU WANNA TAG ALONG TO CHECK OUT THE BABE ACTION?
ACTUALLY, I'M JUST CURIOUS TO KNOW IF YOU THINK THEY DO ANY GOOD...
OH..
BONK!
. WELL, UH. CONFIDENTIALLY, THEY HAVE HELPED ME TO CLEAN UP MY ACT A LITTLE BIT...
REALLY?
WELL, YEAH, I MEAN, IT'S NOT LIKE I'M A SAINT NOW OR NOTHIN', BUT I DO HAVE A TENDENCY TO GO OVERBOARD, AND THEY MADE ME REALIZE THAT I SOMETIMES HAVE TO TURN TO OUTSIDE HELP—YOU KNOW, A HIGHER POWER—TO HELP GET MY BAD HABITS UNDER CONTROL. .
A "HIGHER POWER"?
YEAH, YOU KNOW...LIKE GOD 'N' SHIT.
OH.
BONK!
HEY, DON'T LAUGH, MAN, 'CUZ IT WORKS— AT LEAST FOR ME, ANYWAYS. .
NO, HEY, GLAD TO HEAR IT! ONLY I DON'T THINK IT'LL WORK FOR MY FRIEND. .
WHY, WHAT'S WRONG WITH YOUR FRIEND? WHAT'S HE ON?
I DON'T KNOW WHAT HE'S "ON", EXACTLY, BUT HE'S BEEN ACTING REAL SHADY AND MESSIN' WITH MY MONEY AND I CAN'T TRUST HIM ANY-MORE..
UH-HUH. WELL, IF THAT'S THE CASE I DON'T THINK JOINING A SUPPORT GROUP WOULD DO A CAT LIKE THAT ANY GOOD.
OH NO? THEN WHAT WOULD YOU SUGGEST?
BONK!
I'D SUGGEST TAKING A SLEDGEHAMMER AND BASHING THAT LYING, THIEVING MOTHERFUCKER'S HEAD IN!

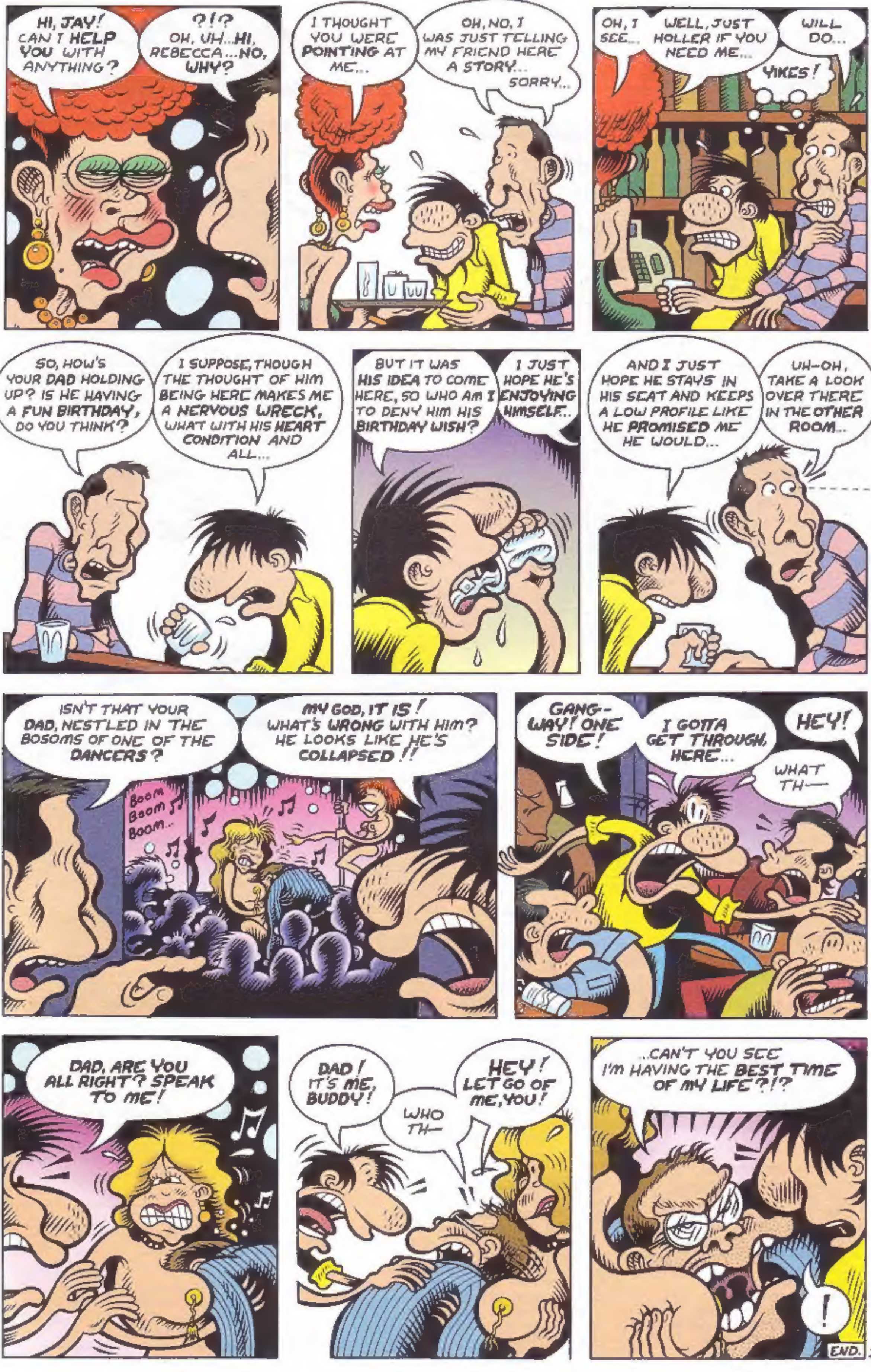
LATER..
I WONDER WHAT SURPRISES ARE IN STORE FOR ME TODAY..
B&J'S COLLECTORS EMPORIUM
SHOE REPAIR
?!?
OH GREAT, NOW HE'S GOT NOBODY FILLING IN FOR HIM!
WHAT NEXT?
OF COURSE, HE MAY SIMPLY BE IN THE BACK TAKING A LEAK OR SOMETHING
I'D GO IN AND CHECK, ONLY GOD FORBID I SHOULD "INVADE HIS PRIVACY" AGAIN..
KEEP OUT
AAH, FUCK IT! THIS IS RIDICULOUS!
KNOCK! KNOCK!
HELLO, JAY? ARE YOU IN THERE?
MMMUMBLE..
HELLO? WHAT DID YOU SAY? I CAN BARELY HEAR YOU...
LOOK, JAY, WHAT'S THE DEAL? I—
GOOD GRIEF!


JESUS CHRIST, JAY! WHAT HAPPENED TO YOU?!?
NOTHING I'M OKAY
JUST A BIT UNDER THE WEATHER, THAT'S ALL.
SORRY FOR "ABANDONING MY POST," BUT I HAD TO LIE DOWN FOR A SPELL...
MAN OH MAN, JAY, YOU LOOK LIKE SHIT! SHOULDN'T I CALL A DOCTOR OR SOMETHING?
NAH. DONT BOTHER IT'S NOTHING I HAVEN'T BEEN THROUGH BEFORE, BELIEVE ME.
I JUST BASICALLY HURT ALL OVER, ESPECIALLY MY BONES. MY BONES ARE ACHING LIKE CRAZY.
YOUR BONES? EWW! WHAT'S CAUSING THIS, DO YOU SUPPOSE—THE FLU?
NAW, JUST TOO MUCH HIGH LIVIN', MOST LIKELY...
I GET CARRIED AWAY SOMETIMES, ESPECIALLY WHEN TIMES ARE GOOD AND THE MONEY'S ROLLING IN..
I START TO PARTY TOO MUCH AND SPEND TOO MUCH, AND BEFORE YOU KNOW IT IT ALL CATCHES UP WITH ME..
AH-HAH! SO YOU ADMIT YOU'VE BEEN SQUANDERING COMPANY FUNDS ON WINE, WOMEN AND SONG, JUST AS I SUSPECTED!
YES, YES, BUT PLEASE, BUDDY, CAN WE SAVE THE ARGUMENTS FOR ANOTHER TIME?
I'M REALLY NOT FEELING UP TO IT RIGHT NOW..
OH SORRY..
SIGH BUT YEAH, I CONFESS THAT IF I HAVE ONE WEAKNESS, IT'S THAT I TEND TO SPEND MONEY AS FAST AS I MAKE IT..
I'M AN EASY COME, EASY GO KIND OF A GUY.
PLUS IT'S A TRIED AND TRUE WAY TO IMPRESS THE LADIES.
I GUESS I'M JUST COMPENSATING FOR THOSE LONG PERIODS WHEN I DON'T HAVE A POT TO PISS IN.
SPEAKING OF WHICH, COULD YOU GET ME SOMETHING TO PISS IN RIGHT NOW? I HAVE TO GO REALLY BAD...
HUH? OH. SURE



JEEZIZ, THIS PLACE IS A PIG STY...
HOW DO YOU FIND ANYTHING AROUND HERE..
OOOOOH.
WILL THIS COFFEE CUP DO?
YES, YES, ANY-THING.
IT'S NOT THAT I'M UNABLE TO GET UP AND GO TO THE BATHROOM. IT'S JUST THAT I'D RATHER NOT.
JUST PUT IT DOWN ON THE FLOOR...
THANKS..
LOOK, I KNOW I'VE BEEN IRRESPONSIBLE LATELY, AND THAT I HAD NO RIGHT TO BE MESSING WITH THE "COMPANY FUNDS," ESPECIALLY SINCE HALF OF THAT MONEY IS YOURS...
WELL, NO SHIT!
SO FROM THIS DAY FORWARD I'M DETERMINED TO MEND MY WAYS..
I'M CLEANING UP MY ACT FOR GOOD, MAN. AND I'M DOING IT MAINLY FOR YOU, SO I HOPE YOU APPRECIATE IT..
GOOD, GLAD TO HEAR IT.
Y'KNOW, I WAS ON THE VERGE OF BEATING THE LIVING DAYLIGHTS OUT OF YOU...
YEAH, I KNOW.
UHHH.. CAN I HAVE A LITTLE PRIVACY?
Hmm? OH, SURE.
I'LL BE RIGHT OUT-SIDE IF YOU NEED ME
SLAM!
MARVEL COMICS
ZZZZZZIP!
MARVEL COMICS
PSSSSSSSS...
OH, SHIT...
MARVEL COMICS

* A NATIVE NEW JERSIAN!


HI, JAY! CAN I HELP YOU WITH ANYTHING?
?!? OH, UH...HI, REBECCA...NO, WHY?
I THOUGHT YOU WERE POINTING AT ME...
OH, NO, I WAS JUST TELLING MY FRIEND HERE A STORY... SORRY...
OH, I SEE...
WELL, JUST HOLLER IF YOU NEED ME...
WILL DO...
YIKES!
SO, HOW'S YOUR DAD HOLDING UP? IS HE HAVING A FUN BIRTHDAY, DO YOU THINK?
I SUPPOSE, THOUGH THE THOUGHT OF HIM BEING HERE MAKES ME A NERVOUS WRECK, WHAT WITH HIS HEART CONDITION AND ALL...
BUT IT WAS HIS IDEA TO COME HERE, SO WHO AM I TO DENY HIM HIS BIRTHDAY WISH?
I JUST HOPE HE'S ENJOYING HIMSELF...
AND I JUST HOPE HE STAYS IN HIS SEAT AND KEEPS A LOW PROFILE LIKE HE PROMISED ME HE WOULD...
UH-OH, TAKE A LOOK OVER THERE IN THE OTHER ROOM...
ISN'T THAT YOUR DAD, NESTLED IN THE BOSOMS OF ONE OF THE DANCERS?
MY GOD, IT IS! WHAT'S WRONG WITH HIM? HE LOOKS LIKE HE'S COLLAPSED!!
Boom Boom Boom...
GANG-WAY! ONE SIDE!
I GOTTA GET THROUGH, HERE...
HEY!
WHAT TH—
DAD, ARE YOU ALL RIGHT? SPEAK TO ME!
DAD! IT'S ME, BUDDY!
WHO TH—
HEY! LET GO OF ME, YOU!
...CAN'T YOU SEE I'M HAVING THE BEST TIME OF MY LIFE?!?
!
END.

LETTERS TO "HATE"

(WRITE TO: P. BAGGE % FANTAGRAPHICS, 7563 LAKE CITY WAY NE, SEATTLE, WA, 98117)

Dear "Mister" Bagge (a.k.a. Peter from Wash.),

Your "comic" book (*Hate*) is *exactly* what led to the Oklahoma City tragedy. Congratulations, "sir."

J.D. King
Stuyvesant Falls, NY

In response to D. Stein's letter, I'd like to suggest that you change the name of your comic from *Hate* to *Not Like*. That would be much more sensitive. You might even consider: *Dislike But Respect as a Cultural Alternative*.

I also want to second M. Wenger's recommendation of more sex in *Hate*. (The current situation, with Dad giving Lisa "driving lessons" and Butch giving her pantyhose, seems rife with possibilities…).

Rob Masters
Seattle, WA

Mr. (whatever) Peter Bagge,

Recently I have been writing letters to many people, and I felt that you needed to be included. Do not get me wrong! This is not a letter to simply praise your work, for I find those quite arrogant and pointless.

I'm 14 and as a recent new reader of (is it really?) underground-type comics, and adapter of their mentality, I felt I had to express my concern for your comics, *Hate* in particular.

I don't find anything wrong with the comic itself, in fact, it's some of the best stuff I've ever read. It's just that I think you're losing sight of why you first started the comic. Now I don't quite know exactly why, but I think I have a feeling. If I'm wrong, disregard this letter. However, if I'm right, please take it into consideration. Now, I saw you as someone who was so sick of these multi-million dollar fraud industries (i.e., Hollywood, MTV, even comics), that you decided to express your hatred for this planet, hence the title, *Hate*. So what's with *Neat Stuff* and color books and the lack of hatred towards your fans? You know you're getting too commercialized when a 14-year-old can find out about your comic! Besides, most of us are just ignorant fools anyway! Careful, you've got to fight the money and those executives!

Be courageous. Do something which shows that the ick of this planet has not taken you over. You have potential as a leader in an anti-ick movement. Do it before it's too late.

member of the Anti-Ick Battalion,
Andrew Rose
Montreal, Quebec

The "Anti-Ick Battalion…" Is that a* right-wing *militia? — PB

Listen Mr. Peter Bagge —

I have some important news for you. The latest issue of *Hate* (#18) is further proof that what you do is literature. Why? I'll tell you: F-O-R-E-S-H-A-D-O-W-I-N-G. The cover of issue #1 of *Hate* had Buddy sitting gloriously in a monster truck, but the story made no mention of this. Many months and a few years later, a monster truck drives (if you will) part of the story in one of the pivotal issues of the series. (Each one is pivotal in its own way, though, isn't it?).

But, as the case is more often than not, things don't turn out exactly as one thinks they will (even when foreshadowed), and the truck isn't quite in the same condition as it is in the dream-like cover. It will take determination and guts on Buddy & Co.'s part to restore the machine… Or was the cover/dream truck just a hallucinatory image of the ever-unobtainable state of perfection? Time will tell…

Thank you and Goodnight,
Matthew Lahey
Atlanta, GA

P.S. (I like it in N.J.)

I just read the editorial in *Hate* #17 about the part where "Buddy" met a Valerie in real life and could not resist recalling my similar experience. I did a spell a long time ago that involved my rendition of the guy on *Meat Cake* #2. I drew him that particular way so that he would see himself and get in touch with me, it also involved the number 4. So guess what, my boyfriend looks just like that guy, even has the suit, and his favorite number is 4.

So in other words, the same guy is pictured on the front cover of *MC* #2 and the *back* cover of *MC* #4 (appropriately enough) *before* and *after* I met him. There's something to this cartooning stuff. You should definitely draw *yourself* holding a winning lottery ticket and see what happens.

…"Oh, it's witchcraft… it's simply taboo…"

Dame Darcy
New York, NY

P.S. I'm not sneakily trying to get you to plug me again, even though I would love it if you put this in the letters section.

It is appalling how often I wind up "plugging" Ms. Dame Darcy (Hmm, that sounds somewhat obscene) in the pages, but her* Meat Cake Comics *(published by Fantagraphics, of course!) still is one of my fave-o-rite titles. Plus I feel compelled to tell you about a little comic book/7" EP she recorded with the highly talented Coctails, entitled, "Tardvark" (Hi-Ball Records, Box 61-7522, Chicago, IL, 60661). The Darce doesn't have the most beautiful voice in the world — in fact she sounds like a wounded animal — but the songs are wacky and clever, and the musicianship superb,

and the accompanying book is graced throughout by her fabulous artwork.

On a very similar (musical) note, cartoon kings Pat "Big Mouth" Moriarity and* Hate's *own Jim Blanchard teamed up to do a masterful comic book that accompanies a new 45 by punk rock noisemakers, the Goops, entitled,* On the Road With the Goops. *(Blackout! Records, Box 1575, NYC, NY, 10009). Happy ordering, music lovers! — PB

Dear Peter,

The newest *Hate* (Madball cover) is a super issue. Even Ed Brubaker liked it.

Dave Lasky
Seattle, WA

Hate was much better in black and white. I used to love the visual aspect of your comix, it created the perfect atmosphere, and indulged my eyes. Now *Hate* looks like a piece of shit, like something that should be in the Sunday comix. All your wonderful characters now look like cartoon fools *(Oh no! — PB)* The color takes away from *Hate* leaving only the story for interest. You don't even do anything with the color, like you don't know how to use it or something.

I never thought you would do something so stupid with *Hate* which was my favorite comic. I'm surprised your feelings about the now ugly and stupid *Hate* aren't stronger than mine. It seems like your artwork was great, but the last three (color) issues lacked anything great that you may have once possessed.

BRING BACK THE REAL DRAWING AND PUT AN END TO THIS CRAP!

I am (or was) a faithful reader of *Hate*, *Neat Stuff*, and anything else I find with your art. Now you have lost me.

EVILSCHWARZ (a.k.a. Dan Nertia)
Seattle, WA

You know you're going downhill when you no longer appeal to people who call themselves "EVIL SCHWARZ." — PB

Now that Buddy and company are back in New Jersey you have to bring some toxic waste into the storyline. I was working as a paralegal at a law firm and we got a list of proposed toxic Superfund sites. One was under a diner in Jersey City that I had eaten at a few times. Apparently the land under the diner and the parking lot were totally toxic (class 1). The clean-up was being held up because the benzene levels were so high that the workers would not walk on the parking lot due to union regulations. Benzene has a tendency to seep up and permeates through plastic (soles of shoes) and directly into the bloodstream where it does big damage in small levels. This was the stuff that the major league football players were getting sick from in the Meadowlands (final resting place of Jimmy Hoffa). It used to be the major ingredient in rubber cement thinner. Well, that site still hasn't been cleaned up. I drove by the diner a few weeks ago and it was still in operation. The patty melt they serve up is particularly tasty.

John Terhorst
New York, NY

Dear PB,

The technicolor *Hate* is still pretty funny, but there has been a little drop in edginess. I counted the number of pissed-off "monster face" close ups in the last two issues and they are down from the black and white version. Let's put a little more hate back into *Hate*, ok?

As for what Mormons make of everything: Admittedly far too many of us are addicted to all things *Star Trek* (yes, I watch *TNG*), but we like to laugh, too. Some of us even like to laugh at *you*.

R.W. Rasband
Heber City, UT

Boy, you can't make negative generalizations about* anybody *these days without getting busted for it! — PB

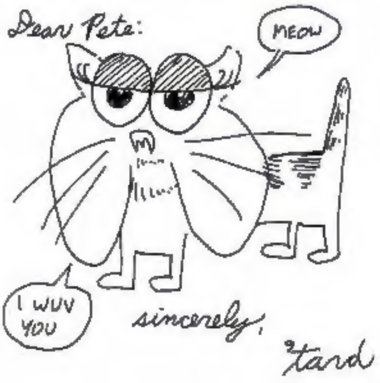
Hate #17 was an all-time classic, one of the best so far. Glad to see fame and your new bourgeois lifestyle have not dulled your sharp comic wit. I'm a B&W purist, but I grudgingly admit I kinda dug the color (if not the cover price) and Jim Blanchard's inking, tho I kinda miss the harsher graininess of your cross-hatching. God, I know you've heard it before, but man do your stories hit close to home! *Hate* is more than a bunch of flatulence jokes, it is an absolutely brilliant chronicle of 20th Century society and modern man's (or woman's) place in it! And Lisa is real funny too. Even my girlfriend gets a big kick out of it (yes, we are just another boring couple that reads *Hate* together in bed, which I realize is about as cliché as wearing plaid).

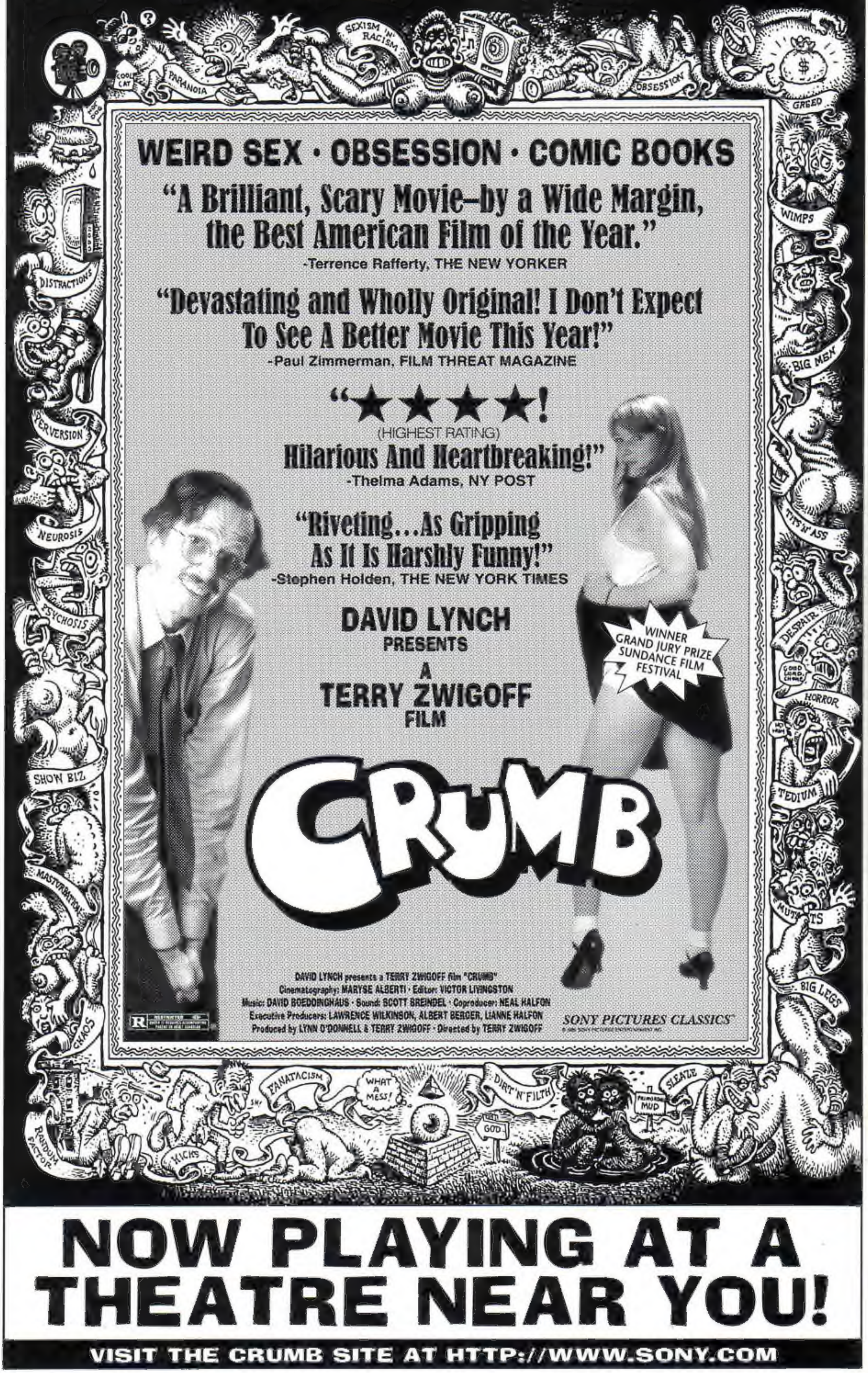
James Lloyd
somewhere in Canada

I just finished reading your #17 for the second time and now I am all pumped up to tell you some pertinent things. In the past I have written and told you how a) much Buddy's story parallels my own and b) how many of my friends have been turned on to *Hate*. Well, things have changed! Buddy's story no longer parallels my own, and my friends have expressed to me their disappointment in the turns this saga is taking. Hopefully, together, we can work these problems out and get back on track. As it is now, Danny Clowes is numero uno around here, not you no more.

Erich Kuersten
New York, NY

Does this mean you and your friends' lives now parallel* Eightball*?! — PB

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